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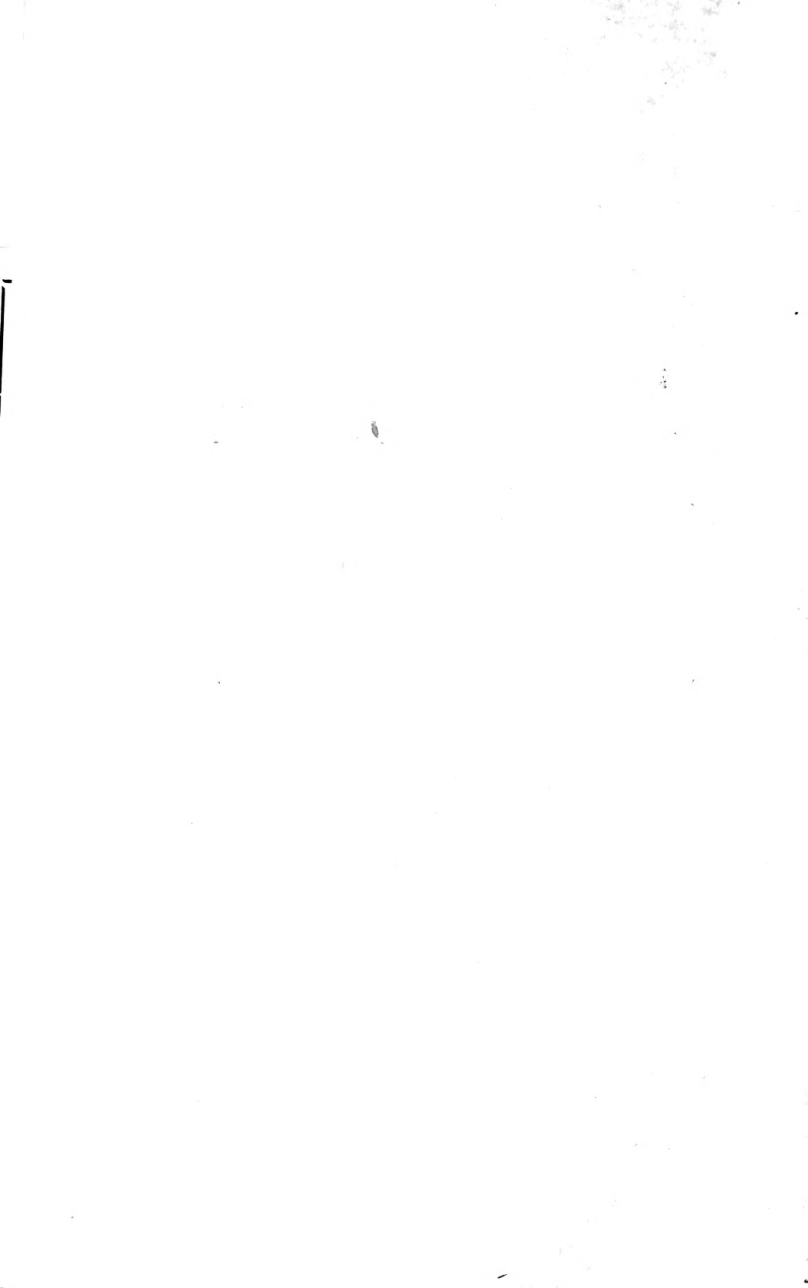
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PULPIT PUNGENCIES

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PULPIT PUNGENCIES

WITH A

TABLE OF CONTENTS



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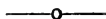
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CONTENTS



No. of Pungency	Page
PREFACE	25
1 A.—“ Well,” says God, “ Is he all right ? ”	27
2 A and B	28
3 Knew what He was About	28
4 About the lightest	29
5 Sit on the edge of my Abundance	29
6 Up hill every single step from Adam	29
7 Admonished by God	30
8 Ado about the sprinklings and drenchings	30
9 Advice and hail-stones	31
10 Spiritual <i>vs.</i> stomachic Ailment	31
11 Ain't as good as he is	32
12 Air-holes	32
13 Fed on Anxieties	32
14 Is Anxious a baker ?	33
15 As if he wasn't Anybody	33
16 Anybody can sing hymns	33
17 Not a little Ape of a man	34
18 Stewart's and Appleton's	35
19 We should Approve Him	35
20 The two Arms of God	35
21 Arms-length discourses	36

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
22 Mobs God's providential Asses	36
23 Auger and hammer men	36
24 Double fools, like the Austrian eagle	37
25 God Available	37
26 Wherever a devil, a priest to Back him	37
27 Professors of religion like Backgammon boards	38
28 Shaken up in a Bag	38
29 He is not half Baked ; he is dough !	39
30 Ballooning to Heaven	40
31 Balloons, gas and faith	40
32 Bandage their eyes with their mouths	41
33 Flour and John the Baptist	41
34 The old year a Basin	42
35 A Basket with holes	43
36 Like Basket-makers do their slips	43
37 The Bastard offspring	44
38 Ought to take trouble as he would a Bath	44
39 Cold Bathing for the salacious devil	45
40 Bean-men	46
41 His Beast, his own body	46
42 Men like Beasts in menageries	47
43 Going to Bed a Christian	47
44 You hadn't Better jump	48
45 The Bible a mere commentary	48
46 Chestnuts and Bible truths	48
47 Christ making out Bills of insurance	49
48 Religious Biographies pernicious and lying	49
49 Bipedal brutes	50
50 Black sounds	50
51 Never Blacked his boots on Sunday	51
52 In Blessed extravagance	51

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
53 War a Blister plaster	52
54 Blown out before you are half burned	52
55 Bogus religion	52
56 Take their old Bones and stand in the way	53
57 Well Born when first born	54
58 Any amount of Botanical sincerity	54
59 Up and down and out Both ways	55
60 Top and Bottom	55
61 Lift up the Bottom charitably	56
62 Bow rigged with the passions	57
63 The most Boy in him	57
64 Boys of all ages	57
65 Bread and butter	58
66 Breaking in	58
67 Breaks up into all manner of antics	58
68 Only room to take Breath	59
69 Broad-leaved experience	60
70 Spirits Broken	60
71 Children are Bulbs	61
72 God coming down to Burrow	61
73 Busy do-nothings	62
74 But and if, hell-gates	62
75 But then	62
76 I should Button up my pocket	63
77 Big as a stage-driver's Button	63
78 Religion to be set Buzzing	64
79 A world of Buzzing	64
80 Careful Cannon-ball	65
81 Catholic Church—Used to bear good apples	65
82 Chaff farmers	66
83 The Chamber floor	66

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
84 Charging up before the throne of God .	66
85 It is as Cheap to trust as to fret . . .	67
86 God doesn't promise to sign our Check .	67
87 No harm in Checkers or backgammon	67
88 A trowel better than a Chip	68
89 God never said "Chisel"	68
90 Getting out stone with a lead Chisel .	69
91 Nearer Christ than you are a great deal ! .	70
92 Chrysalis men	71
93 You can tell what Church he belongs to	72
94 The Church <i>vs.</i> God's kingdom . . .	72
95 A Church for hell	72
96 Trusting a Church member	72
97 A devil wouldn't be a Circumstance .	73
98 Cleansed by her way of living . . .	73
99 God's providence never weaves Cloth .	74
100 Parental anxiety Clucking all the day long	74
101 What a Coarse book this Bible is . . .	75
102 No Coaxing grass to grow	75
103 Cobwebbing the other—"My dear" .	76
104 Infinite Cobwebs	77
105 So He would—of Cockles	76
106 The devil's Colporteurs	77
107 Eat with Color and sleep with Color .	78
108 That's Coming it	78
109 Every man not a Commentator . . .	79
110 Compromise—You must give up, for I can't	79
111 Would Compromise on \$100,000 . . .	80
112 Coney Island water-logs	80
113 Too much Conscience	81
114 Snow, Conservative rain	81

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
115 Wares Contraband to heaven	81
116 Copyists and dogs	82
117 I always Cotton to the rich	82
118 New York Courts	82
119 One winter to Crack the shell	83
120 Hot-water on a Cracked friendship . .	83
121 Crawl out of life	84
122 Crazy in his pocket	84
123 With all Creation at his back ! . . .	85
124 God's letter of Credit	85
125 As though the thing were Cross-ploughed	85
126 Taken later, it makes men Crusty . .	86
127 Reading prayers—walking with Crutches	86
128 What should be the Cutwater ? . . .	86
129 Cypher both ways	87
130 Cypherings for salvation	87
131 Every church wants somebody to Damn !	88
132 They never would say " Damn it ! " .	88
133 I will tell you all what you will get, and that is Damnation !	88
134 Dandling troubles	88
135 Don't be angry by the Day	89
136 Day of Judgment words	89
137 Dead a third of the time you are alive.	90
138 As I do the Devil	90
139 Devil-duped and Devil-damned . . .	90
140 Perpendicular ideas—Devil-talk . . .	91
141 If you want to retire, Die	91
142 " I don't want to eat Dirt "	92
143 Dirty sin and burnished iniquity . . .	92
144 I have my Dividend of God's care . .	92
145 When I Do religion, I Do religion . . .	93

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
146 \$1,000 a day	94
147 Down-hill duties	95
148 The way to God is Down hill	96
149 Dozing, dozing, dozing	96
150 Swears with a strong Draft	97
151 Drawing deep	97
152 This a Drill world	98
153 Drizzling indignation	98
154 A Drug in the market	99
155 Leads down to Drunk	99
156 Dry cards	100
157 Dry—Split up into cord wood	100
158 Dumb book and Dumb house	100
159 Roll over on the Dung-hill of vice	101
160 Rankly as weeds on a Dung-hill	102
161 Edifying	102
162 Mean as a religious Editor	102
163 Childhood is but an Egg	103
164 The Egg and the bird	103
165 Egg-sanctified	103
166 God not Emascuate	104
167 Men hate to be Emptied	104
168 End for End	105
169 The other End and this End	105
170 Christ not only a royal Engineer	105
171 How to Enjoy sickness	105
172 Christ's arms like an Equator	105
173 That "Especially" was dead long ago	106
174 Pitched out of the Establishment	106
175 Expatriation	107
176 An Exquisite lie	107
177 Fat to the very marrow	107

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
178 Father and mother ride with them . . .	108
179 Mr. Fat-soul the topmost man	108
180 The old, stupid Fellow	109
181 Fellows afraid to say their soul is their own	110
182 Temporary Ferriage	110
183 The lobby—Gratitude will Fetch him . .	111
184 Infernal sprites to Fiddle for them . .	112
185 Stealing Fire-wood	113
186 Fishing, and revival preaching	113
187 The Flap of whose tongue	114
188 Their country's Fleece	115
189 Well, who were all these Folks? . . .	115
190 Solomon on a Fool's errand	117
191 As a boy would roll a Foot-ball	117
192 Phrenology and Foot-room	117
193 God won't see to the Fore part of the store	118
194 Your Friends can	119
195 Fringed him with abundant littleness .	119
196 Smooth down the Fur	119
197 Furiously devotional	120
198 Cuts his first Furrows of grace	121
199 The devil's Furrows	122
200 I have seen a great deal of Gambling .	122
201 God never shoots unless there is good Game	122
202 Gate	123
203 He Gave it to them, didn't he? . . .	123
204 Here and Georgia	124
205 God could not Get along without it . .	125
206 Not able to Get up a prayer	126

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
207 Heads high as a Gibbet	126
208 Gingerbread books	126
209 You be Glad, too	127
210 I'll Go for justice	127
211 Not to give them the Go-by	128
212 "God damn you!"	128
213 Wonder what God would do	129
214 Neither he nor God knows	129
215 God-hood grows	129
216 God-light is healthy	130
217 Take hold of God's hand	130
218 Long Gods and short Gods	131
219 The place where property Goes up	131
220 Good nature not to be occasional	132
221 Has Got to work for it	132
222 Parasites saying Grandiloquent things around the throne	132
223 Such a Great fool	133
224 Horace Greeley	133
225 The world a Grindstone—God turns	134
226 I Guess you'll know how to act	134
227 Wrapped in Gummed hideousness	135
228 Spoiled in the Gun-range	135
229 Tie you to the Handle	135
230 Don't let your anger Hang on	136
231 Hangers-on play mosquito and steal blood for a living	136
232 The Harnessed man	136
233 Hatcheling the disposition	137
234 Hatted and gloved	137
235 You Have me there	137
236 Health and the devil	138

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
237 Healthy blood <i>vs.</i> Christianity . . .	138
238 Down at the Heel	139
239 The curtain falls, and—Hell knows the rest	139
240 I thank God there is a Hell ! . . .	139
241 A roistering, swearing Hellian . . .	140
242 Need not advertise in the Herald . .	142
243 Lacks spring Here	143
244 Sing psalms in solo from Here to heaven	143
245 One likes stimulants there, another Here	144
246 If you are going to sin, be Heroic . .	146
247 Hideous	146
248 Carried his own head so High . . .	146
249 It has got to be High times	146
250 A Hit in the nick of time	147
251 Why, they must Hitch !	148
252 Laws like Hoes	149
253 Is thy servant a Hog !	149
254 Holy Ghost not merely No. 3 . . .	150
255 God so busy, like a boy driving a Hoop .	150
256 Not yet Hopped out	150
257 An insurrection in a Hospital . . .	151
258 To every man his own Hull	151
259 Church Hyenas	152
260 I—A sermon-fed child	152
261 I—Such doctrines not meant for daily use	153
262 I—Not do it out of compliment to Christ	154
263 I—19 were women, and the other nothing	156
264 I—The school-ma'am	157
265 I—Orthodox and heterodox sleeping .	158
266 The clock and I	158
267 I try to pray that down	159

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
268 I—Bullet wouldn't go for me as it would for other people	159
269 I never get drunk myself	160
270 I have got no collection to make	160
271 I—Swearing among women	161
272 Icebergs and churches	161
273 "I'll watch him"	162
274 Infidelly	162
275 Enough to have the devil Inoculate them	163
276 Sunday the Insurance day	163
277 Investments in the lower way of living	164
278 The doctrine for Investments	165
279 The Irish	165
280 Has got It in him	166
281 Jackal engravers	166
282 Nothing but a Jack-knife	168
283 Jacob and not Esau	169
284 In their own Jail	169
285 Push aside the ordinary Janitor	169
286 The devil invented Journals	171
287 Juicy in their intellect	171
288 What a Jumbled up mess!	171
289 \$200,000—All the angels, and an impar- tial Jury	172
290 Just what God did	173
291 Kick back, and hurt him	173
292 Kicks you into the bosom of God's Pro- vidence	174
293 Religion runs clear down to the Kitchen .	175
294 If you Knock, you will not get in	176
295 You'll know it	176
296 Knowledgeable men	177

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
297 A man who Knows more than God does .	177
298 The testament in Labor	178
299 God has Laid in material	179
300 Won't come together and Lap . . .	179
301 God's glory and human Laziness . .	180
302 You are empty because you Leak all over	180
303 Thou honest Legal thief!	182
304 Legerdemain and logic	182
305 Takes one, and Lets it fly	183
306 Limber-backed	184
307 A Limited hint of grace	184
308 Empty bags—Men born Limpsy . . .	185
309 Loathsome lubricity of pious talk .	185
310 Locked himself out	186
311 The devil Longer-headed than you .	186
312 It's his own Look-out	186
313 I Love you	187
314 High growing and Low-hoeing . . .	187
315 Lunge toward things outward . . .	188
316 He might as well be Maelzel's automaton	189
317 A town Magazine of children	189
318 Practices a Manly reserve	190
319 Slip out of him like Marbles out of a tumbler	191
320 As to that Matter, I might	192
321 Measure their whole length	193
322 Husband and wife—Statues of Memnon	193
323 The Menagerie of your soul	193
324 Mercies are Merchandise	194
325 Nothing so Merchantable	194
326 Better Mind their own business . . .	195
327 "O, never Mind"	195

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
328 Miracles are midwives	195
329 Hit or Miss, and oftener Miss	196
330 Wouldn't Miss much	196
331 Missionary pirates	197
332 Selling a Mocking-bird	197
333 A Moping Christian	197
334 Mother Rice—That would shut him up .	198
335 Mousing, sneaking Pharisees	199
336 Wait till the Mud is dry	200
337 Preaching—children making Mud huts	200
338 Mummies	201
339 Mummy	202
340 The Bible and Murray's Guide-Book .	202
341 Men are harps, not Music-boxes . . .	204
342 God the best Music-teacher	204
343 Covering Nakedness	204
344 No devil—Namby-pamby talk	205
345 Men and Needles	205
346 Going through a Nettle-hedge	206
347 Troubled with Neuralgia	206
348 Perpetual Newnesses	209
349 A Nimrod minister	210
350 No great rise	211
351 No special injury	211
352 Men have such Notions now-a-days .	211
353 Novels contain better Gospel than many pulpits	212
354 Hoeing in November	213
355 A Nursing God	213
356 Spelt with one O	214
357 God will Offset	215
358 Keep supplied with the Oil of grace .	215

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
359 Made On purpose	216
360 Opium and the Bible	216
361 Other arrangements	217
362 Overflowing the king's English	217
363 Overlays	218
364 "The world Owes us a living"	218
365 When God wanted sponges and Oysters	219
366 Carrying God's Packages and letters to eternity	219
367 A new set of Papers	220
368 The Parade-ground of revivals	220
369 The Partnership law of New York . .	220
370 Passions to be sanctified, not crucified .	221
371 On a large Pasture-ground	221
372 Paul might have made a mistake in buy- ing that cloak	222
373 Chirping "Peace"	222
374 Prayer-meetings—Apples with the Peel on	223
375 Perambulate in pantaloons	223
376 Prayers worn smooth—Perfunctory ser- vice	224
377 A Perpendicular Yes or a Perpendicular No	225
378 A Philosopher	225
379 Conscience and Pianos	226
380 Fruits for God to Pick	226
381 Not a little Piddling justice's court . .	227
382 Roll his Pile	227
383 A Pismire on one of the pyramids . .	227
384 Takes you by the shoulders and Pitches you on the bed	228

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
385 The Plaster of an office	229
386 Pleasure and damnation	229
387 Plump up to Peter	230
388 Pocket-full and Pocket-empty	231
389 A villain or a Politician	231
390 The disciples were such Poor fellows	232
391 Pulling papers out of God's Portfolio	232
392 The Portholes of the stomach	233
393 Natural laws and Post-offices	233
394 Good to make the Pot boil	234
395 Writing sermons instead of Preaching	234
396 Premium on the road to hell	235
397 A Prescriptive right to lie	235
398 Pretty low	235
399 Have to give me up again Pretty quick	236
400 Prodigious logical springs	237
401 A good Property	237
402 Prophecies like music to an army	237
403 Proud as the devil	238
404 Providence with clear heads	239
405 Can put his Prow into life	239
406 Pulverized children	239
407 Only the Punctuation of their wealth	239
408 A want of Push	240
409 Whatever God Put through them	240
410 More than all the rest Put together	240
411 Old Put	240
412 Rammed into us	241
413 Ran his head against authority	241
414 God's providence <i>vs.</i> strong Regiments	242
415 The Remainers of the Church	243
416 God's Remittances	243

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
417 Suppose it <i>is</i> your Rent	244
418 Rented furniture and opinions	244
419 Sin in Repenting	244
420 A Reservoir-man	245
421 Retired	245
422 Faintly Revealed at that	245
423 Revolving graces	246
424 Right between the joints of the harness	246
425 A Right up and down sort of a fellow	246
426 A Rip may destroy him	247
427 Hot-house for Ripening Souls	248
428 Converting men just like Ripening grapes	248
429 God Rocks it with his foot	248
430 Single-bladed men—Rodgers' knives	249
431 30 Rooms in a man's head	249
432 For a man to Roost on	250
433 Rothschild and Moses	250
434 Half-Rotten apples and Christians	251
435 A Royal family fight	251
436 A God to Rub up the stars	252
437 Got a Saint	252
438 Prayer <i>vs.</i> Satan	252
439 Satan impossible	253
440 An old Scotch preacher	253
441 Men don't like to be Screwed up	253
442 Business leaks at every Seam	254
443 Selvage of goodness	254
444 It gives a Set	254
445 If manhood Sets too quick	255
446 The responsibility of a Shadow	255
447 God Shakes the conceit out of them	255
448 Shaking hands a means of grace	256

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
449 A contented live man is a Sham ! . . .	257
450 Sharp-eyed and bat-eyed . . .	257
451 Shiftless Christians . . .	257
452 Christ putting Shingles on the roof . .	258
453 Short off in the middle . . .	259
454 Fretted and stewed and Simmered . .	259
455 Sing Sing is asking "When will they come ?" . . .	260
456 To Sit in our minds with the windows open . . .	260
457 There is a way through the Skin . . .	260
458 All Skin and polish . . .	261
459 Born Sleazy . . .	261
460 A Slippery Christian . . .	261
461 Remarkably Smart . . .	262
462 Near enough to Smell heaven . . .	262
463 Only one Smouch . . .	263
464 Everybody kicks Sober ones . . .	264
465 Their old Soddy lives . . .	264
466 Sold the world in the bargain . . .	265
467 Solomonculi . . .	265
468 Spigots vs. bunghole . . .	266
469 We should grow up long and Spindling .	266
470 Sticks plentier than men—Splicing men	266
471 Sprout . . .	267
472 God's Spy-glass . . .	267
473 A great thing to Squeak at every joint .	268
474 We hear the victims Squeal . . .	268
475 Stand-up way of fighting . . .	268
476 It Stands to reason . . .	269
477 Staving off judgment now and then ! .	269
478 God is Steering them ! . . .	270

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
479 And then Stopped out	270
480 Christians with a long Stem	270
481 Men with long polished Stems	271
482 Let him Stew himself	272
483 Churches Stick in the sheath	272
484 Meanness Sticks	273
485 The Devil a disordered Stomach	273
486 No prayer-meeting like a man's own Store	273
487 Not a good String	274
488 Not do a Stroke	275
489 Frogs, lice and all—Eugene Sue	275
490 Girts and Surcingles for the heart	275
491 Sweet-juiced feelings	276
492 Whipped Syllabub of creation	276
493 The old Synagogue business over again	277
494 Tail-feather lies	278
495 Blood will Tell	278
496 Never took a Text out of the Bible	279
497 Thin, lathy men	279
498 A good Thing	280
499 A queer Thing	281
500 A safe Thing	281
501 The Thing	282
502 The other Thing	282
503 The substantial Thing	283
504 The very Thing itself	283
505 Such like Things	284
506 Thinking out of our windows	284
507 36 hours out of the 24	285
508 They will behind your back, Though	285
509 Throwing in even the prophets	286
510 By feeling a Thump	286

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
511 Equal Thwacks	287
512 Present his Ticket	287
513 The right Ticket	288
514 Tied too tight	289
515 Practical Tilth in the church	289
516 Character and Timber	290
517 All Timber may be broken	290
518 What a Time !	291
519 For all the world like a Tin pan !	291
520 Torpid as a Toad	292
521 A Toad-stool just as good !	292
522 Geological Toads and rich men	293
523 Too bad	294
524 Nobody's Tooth can ache like theirs	294
525 The Top of the family is in the cradle	295
526 Drilled into and never Touched water	296
527 Made Tough and made tender	296
528 The Toughness of a woman	297
529 The original Tow	297
530 Raphael's Transfiguration	297
531 Different Translations	299
532 Tremendously governed	299
533 Trip-hammer life	300
534 You had better Trot down	300
535 Trust and gas—Moonshine and prosperity	301
536 Try it on	301
537 Tug-boat men	302
538 Tump you out into the street	302
539 Pride and vanity must be Tuned up	303
540 Turn to and go to cursing Providence	304
541 On the Turnpike road	305
542 Just as the clock struck 12	305

* Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
543 \$20,000	306
544 Till Twilight	306
545 A Twilight-faced, bat-like Christian	307
546 Dudley Tyng and Christ	307
547 "Umbrella," or "Harvest," or something of that sort	307
548 Under-draining	308
549 You have got to go Unfixed	308
550 Always wanted Union, you know	309
551 Unions	310
552 Up-and-down love	310
553 The Upper story	310
554 Better not prophesy Up-stream	311
555 Us Republicans	311
556 Varnish religion—Tract Society	312
557 Sunlight with Vegetables	313
558 Men good for Veneering	313
559 Vermin <i>vs.</i> brethren	313
560 Passions and Vermin	314
561 Virginian courage and foxes' tails	314
562 Power-loom ought to Vote	316
563 When men Walk on a timber	316
564 From Wall Street to heaven	317
565 Wardrobe of righteousness	317
566 I'll Warrant you	317
567 Saints before they had Washed a year	318
568 Trouble Washes all skins alike	319
569 Washington and respectable meannesses	319
570 The eternal Waste-basket	320
571 A Watch to steer a ship by	320
572 Water-logged saints	320
573 You are Water-logged, sir !	321

Contents

No. of Pungency	Page
574 These smooth, Waxy characters	321
575 God Went into life	322
576 Form, color and What not	322
577 Pray and be burned, and What not	323
578 What under the sun did he preach about?	323
579 God does not Whip men through their coat and vest	324
580 Walk me and Whisk me and set me down	325
581 Whether the President drinks Whiskey	325
582 Black and White	326
583 Where it will make you Wince	327
584 All their virtue at the Window	327
585 Wipe their mouths, say long prayers; etc.	328
586 So easy—Paints to Wipe out	328
587 How like little Witches they act	329
588 Even your pastor Won't	329
589 Agitations, plowings of the World-farm	330
590 The Vermicular human race	330
591 Worn as your eyes are worn	331
592 The Worse the better	331
593 Wrap a text round a sin	332
594 Written down an ass	332
595 Zero	332

PREFACE

I THINK that the minister of God has *carte blanche* liberty to touch men's mirthfulness, even, so far as by so doing he can help them toward the right and away from the wrong. And I regard all this superstitious, unsmiling Christianity as a relic of the old Vandal times.—*Evening Sermon, January 8, 1860.*

I have never sought to make you laugh for the sake of merriment. I should have a loathing contempt of myself if I had made it a part of my business to peddle

Preface

witticisms from the pulpit. But when, in the eager rush of thought, an opportunity for making a bright stroke has presented itself, I have struck, and struck boldly, without any care as to whether mirth would be excited in my hearers or not ; and I will do it again ! There is no part of man's nature that is not an open, fair mark.—
Evening Sermon, January 8, 1860.

PULPIT PUNGENCIES

SOME men seem to think that the Divine Being has different qualities of mercies arranged, as apothecaries' medicines are, on shelves ; and that the angels report to Him the condition of men, and He administers to their wants according to His judgment. Their idea of the way in which He bestows His blessings is something like this : An angel reports to Him that there is a mortal praying for Divine aid, and He says, "Who is it ?" The angel replies, "It is A ; he wants such and such a blessing." "Well," says God, "what is his condition ? Is he all right ? Is his case one of need ?

A

"Well,"
says God,
"Is he all
right ?"

Has he done for himself up to pretty much the right point ?” If the replies of the angel to these last inquiries are in the affirmative, God says, “In that case I will help him ;” so He reaches up and takes such a grace as is needed, and says, “Hand it down to the man.”—*Morning Sermon, July 3, 1859.*

A and B

THERE are thousands of men that seem to rejoice in nothing else half so much as iniquity. The moment they hear the servant of the devil asking, “Have you heard the news about A and B ?” they say, “What is it ? Sit down and tell it to me ;” and it is so relishable to reveal, and so exquisite to hear, that A and B have been doing wrong, and have been found out in that wrong, that they fairly gloat over it ! This is the very spirit of the devil himself.—*Morning Sermon, August 7, 1859.*

Knew
what He was
About

MEN have despised the body too much, but after all, when God made the body, He knew what He was about.—*Evening Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

IT is said that an unhelped cross is the heaviest thing a man ever carried ; but a Christ touched cross is about the lightest thing a man ever carried.—*Morning Sermon, September 25, 1859.*

About the
lightest

HOW devoid of anything like true Christian aspiration must that man be, who says, " I will build up my power above that of other men ; I will possess myself of more intellectual strength than other men possess ; I will be more influential than other men ; I will make myself so large a heritage that I can retire out of life ; and when I get where other men cannot bother me any longer, I mean to sit on the edge of my abundance, like a bird on its nest, and sing songs of joy."—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Sit on
the edge
of my
Abundance

WHAT word did Adam ever speak, or what manly thing did he ever perform, before or after his fall, that was

Up hill
every
single step
from Adam

thought worthy of a record? He has a name in the Bible and that is all. His name is coupled with one event, and that is all. Besides that his life seems to have been barren, and worth not one word of recognition. Such was the man who is supposed to have been perfect, and from whom the whole race have descended. The race has come up hill every single step from the day of Adam to this!—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Admonished
by God

THERE are periods of children's lives when we are admonished by God, I think, to employ corporeal chastisement.—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

Ado
about the
sprinklings
and
drenchings

IT is not particularly agreeable to be rained upon; and yet, what if a man, being caught in a shower while on his way to visit a friend, should say, "Oh, what an unfortunate circumstance! Oh, my raiment! Oh, my skin!" and what if arriving at his friend's house no more drenched in body than in mind, he should say, "A sad ca-

lamity has befallen me. I am in great trouble. I have met with a serious misfortune!" Why, everybody would laugh at him, except the host; he might refrain from laughing, from politeness; but every child, and every servant, and all the rest of the household, would be convulsed with laughter. And I suppose the angels have abundant occupation to laugh at us, when they see what an ado we make about the sprinklings and drenchings that we receive in the showers which God sends upon us in the shape of trials and sufferings. God's sons ought to be heroes.—*Morning Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

Ado
about the
sprinklings
and
drenchings

ADVICE to unwilling men is like hail-stones on slate roofs; it strikes and rattles and rolls down and does them no good. — *Evening Sermon, March 18, 1860.*

Advice
and
hail-stones

THERE is much that is called spiritual ailment that is nothing but stomachic ailment.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1839.*

Spiritual
vs.
stomachic
Ailment

Ain't as
good
as he is

WHEN they go to your funeral, and the minister makes a saint of you, they won't be so indecent as to laugh there ; but they say when they get home, " I guess you and I are safe if he is. The minister sent him right straight to heaven, you see. If we ain't as good as he is, it's a pity."—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Air-holes

MEN use religion just as they use buoys and life-preservers ; they do not intend to navigate the vessel with them, but they keep just enough of them on hand to float into a safe harbor when the storm comes up and the vessel is shipwrecked ; and it is only then that they intend to use them. I tell you, you will find air-holes in all such life-preservers as that.—*Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Fed on
Anxieties

I HAVE known women, saintly in other respects, to walk forty years as it were girded with sackcloth, on account of anticipatory troubles in respect to their children. It seemed as if they fed each child, in its

turn, on their own anxieties, all the way up from infancy to mature life.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

“SUPPOSE the last loaf is baked and eaten, and the crumbs are eaten, am I then to trust in God?” What better can you do? If you do not know where the next loaf is to come from, what will you do? Going to be anxious, are you? What good will that do? Is Anxious a baker that he will bring you bread?—*Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

Is Anxious
a baker?

WHERE I hear young men saying, “Look at the strong men! they are the men who have money; a man that hasn’t money is knocked and kicked about the world as if he wasn’t anybody,” I give them over.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

As if he
wasn’t
Anybody

LOOK about you and see what the fruits of your life are, if you want to know whether you are a Christian or not. If you

Anybody
can
sing hymns

want to know whether there are chestnuts on a tree or not, you look on the ground, and if you find any there, you know there are more where they came from. Go and see where the fruit of your Christianity is. It isn't in your hymns—anybody can sing hymns ; it isn't in your prayers—any man can make prayers.—*Morning Sermon, August 7, 1859.*

Not
a little Ape
of a man

MAKE the bridge from the cradle to manhood just as long as you can. Leave your child a child just as long as you can—especially if you live in a city. Be not in haste to force your child into premature development by intelligence or by anything else. Let it be a child and not a little ape of a man running about the town.—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

THE clerk in the dry-goods store has an encyclopædia on his shelves ; if he will trace back the fabrics to the country from whence they came ; if he will learn of the soil, the people, and of their his-

tory; the processes of machinery by which the fabric was constructed, and a thousand things that suggest themselves to the mind, there is more than he could learn in a lifetime in a store of dry goods even. If all the knowledge that could be obtained from the dry goods in Stewart's store were searched out, Appleton's book-store would not hold the books that would have to be written. But if the clerk stands behind the counter all day, and sees in them only so many dry goods, they are not half so dry as he is.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Stewart's
and
Appleton's

Not half so
dry as he is

TO love and obey Him, it is necessary that we should approve Him, and that our moral nature should go out strongly in favor of Him.—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

We should
Approve
Him

A SERVICE done to a fellow being is a service done to God. And that is the democracy of the Old and the New Testament. These are the two arms of God, by

The two
Arms of God

which the world is brought to His bosom.—
Morning Sermon, June 19, 1859.

Arms-length
discourses

WE cannot approach at these arms-length discourses to that familiar wisdom that brings information home to the very spot and point where it is needed by individual character, as the father and mother do at the nightly fireside.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Mobs God's
providential
Asses

I think mobs are God's providential asses which He makes harrow up the ground in time of seed-sowing ; and I think there is no other means by which a plentiful harvest is more effectually insured. I am sorry for any State that never had any mobs. I believe New Jersey never had one.—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Auger and
hammer
men

OR, if men possess great executive capacity, and, like an auger, can bore the toughest oak ; or, like a chisel—cold always—can cut the toughest metals ; or, like a hammer, hard-faced, can break the

hardest rocks, they think of themselves as being accomplishers. "I am the man that can achieve!" is the thought which occupies their mind when they measure themselves.—*Morning Sermon, November 27, 1859.*

THERE are thousands of persons that are doing but little in the present, and nothing for the future, who are always looking back upon the past, and saying, "Oh, if I had done so and so!" or, "Oh, if I had not done so and so!" And thus they make themselves double fools, like the double Austrian eagle!—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

Double
fools, like
the double
Austrian
eagle

NOW God is available for just such inspiration as this.—*Morning Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

God
Available

THERE is no vice which old Rome ever knew, there is scarcely a wickedness ever practiced on earth that is not legalized in our own land. And that is not the worst;

Wherever
a devil,
a priest
to Back him

wherever there is a devil, there is a priest to back him.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Professors
of religion
like
Backgam-
mon boards

I THINK a great many professors of religion are just like backgammon boards. They look like stately books; and on the back of them is inscribed, in large letters, "History of England," or "History of the Crusades;" but when you open them you find nothing but emptiness, with the exception of the dice and counters. And many men bear the name "Christian," who are inside all emptiness and rattling nothing.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

Shaken up
in
a Bag

IT would seem as if men had been shaken up in a great bag, and rolled out into the various spheres of life, without regard to their qualification or fitness. One man, who should have been a scholar, finds himself shoving the spade. Another man, who was ordained to be a mechanic, finds him-

self a preacher. Another man finds himself a lawyer ; he is not at all adapted to this profession—he is an upright, and honest, and good man ; and yet it so happens that that is his occupation.—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

A CHILD may be indulged, all through his infancy and youth, to such a degree that he grows up so good natured and so susceptible to the impressions of the time being, that he never lives in a space larger than the round minute in which he is standing. When a child that has grown up thus arrives at manhood, he is not half-baked—he is dough ! One thing pokes him this way, and another thing pokes him that way, and there he is, a miserable creature of circumstances. You never shall find a man that has grown up such a soft not-doing, not-succeeding man, who has not a great deal to say to you about *the mystery of Providence*. The mystery of Providence ! There is no mystery of Provi-

He is not
half Baked;
he is
dough !

dence about it. There never was a thing that was more directly the effect of a cause than is this.—*Evening Sermon, January 29, 1860.*

Ballooning
to heaven

HE goes on to say, "And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure;" that is, lest he should go ballooning to heaven, before God summoned him, he was tied down to earth with a rope.—*Morning Sermon, April 3, 1857*

Balloons,
gas and
faith

BALLOONS are made not only to rise, but to lift other things and waft them easily high above hills and mountains without jar or obstruction. If the balloon is not filled, it is a helpless thing, and can neither lift itself nor anything else; but if you fill it with gas it is able to soar away and carry many things along with it. And you will find the burdens and duties of life

heavy enough, unless there is in you this heaven-seeking faith and hope that inspire and fill them.—*Morning Sermon, September 25, 1859.*

MANY a man will steal or *embezzle*, for years, and never once call it by the right name—never! If he happen to say to himself, “I am a thief,” he will spring back as if God had spoken to him; it is like poison to him. “Thief!” I don’t believe you could make many men steal in that way; but *financiering* is a very different thing. Call it “stealing?” O no; call it an *arrangement*. Call it “thieving?” O no; call it an *unfortunate affair*. Call it “robbery?” O no; it is an *unfortunate mistake*. We talk about bandaging our eyes, but I think men bandage their eyes with their mouths oftener than in any other way.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Bandage
their eyes
with their
mouths

MANY persons say, “It is very well to send Bibles and teachers to the poor; but I think it would be conferring

Flour
and
John the
Baptist

Flour
and
John the
Baptist

a greater blessing upon them to send them barrels of flour, and coal, and blankets."

Very well; send them flour, and coal, and blankets; I have no objection to that.

And it may be indispensable that flour should act the part of John the Baptist, and prepare the way for Christ; for a hungry man, whose children are crying for bread, is not going to read much about Christ till he has got himself and his children fed.—

Wednesday Evening Lecture, September 28, 1859.

The
old year
a Basin.

AND are there not persons here who are addicted to bad habits? Some have been drinking, some have been gambling, some have indulged in illicit pleasures, and some have been dishonest in various ways. You know what your trouble has been. Now, young man, or old man, will you not take the old year as a fountain, a basin, and wash your hands of every evil trait? — *Evening Sermon, December 25, 1859.*

THERE are men who seem to take it for granted that all that other men make is just so much clutched from them, and that other men's joys are just so much taken away from their joys. There are men who, after having made ten thousand dollars, will say to themselves, if they hear that their neighbor has made a poor five hundred, "There, I might as well have made that five hundred dollars as he." They lose the satisfaction of all their thousands, because they feel that the five hundred dollars which find their way into their neighbor's basket, are taken from them, notwithstanding ten thousand dollars are poured into their own basket. The Lord grant that theirs may be a basket with holes.—
Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.

A Basket
with
holes

STRENGTH of feeling in favor of good with such persons is regarded as over-righteousness; strength of feeling against evil is regarded as malignant fanaticism; men must be moderate in goodness and in their hatred toward evil; men should main-

Like
Basket-
makers
do
their slips

tain a convenient morality and weave their pliant conduct, like basket-makers do their slips, over and under, according to circumstances.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

The
Bastard
offspring

IF I were to see a son whose mother's memory was, in his presence, treated with foul scorn and slander, that felt no quickening of his pulse, and that felt no up-rising of soul-indignation, I should almost believe that the mother was all that the slanderer had represented her to be, and that this was the bastard offspring.—*Morning Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Ought to
take
trouble
as he would
a Bath

THERE are thousands of persons who seem to think it is their duty to feel bad. If a man, when a stroke of trouble comes upon him, rises and shields himself from it, as he betakes himself to a thicket when overtaken by a storm—if a man does not, when troubles beset him, lay himself out, and let them fall full upon him, and

let them soak in—they suppose he lacks sensibility. They think that a man ought to take trouble as he would take a bath.—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

OCCUPATION will go far toward the restraint and cure of all gross and animal lusts. When the salacious devil enters a man, let him put spurs to his industry and work for his life; make the devil pant to keep up with you, and you will run him off his feet, and he will be glad enough to let you alone. Simple food, hard and tiresome work, absorbing occupation and plenty of cold bathing—that will withstand and control a vast amount of evil inclination. Man is to study for these things, and then when you have used all these means, you may pray. But to set yourself to pray, and then go and gorge yourself with stimulating foods and drinks, and not in any way to avail yourself of the proper means, is to mock God and cheat your own soul. Take care of yourself first, and then pray afterward. There is nothing better than occu-

cold
Bathing
for the
salacious
devil

pation, and you will find that you can work the devil down a hundred times when you can wrestle him down once. The devil don't like work ; he is lazy, and that is the reason he likes lazy people.—*Evening Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

Bean-men

MANY men are like a species of beans which require to be supported by a pole. They will stand up as long as the pole stands ; but if some school-boy, desiring it for a bat, takes it away, they fall to the ground, for there is nothing in them to make them stand straight.—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

His Beast,
his own
body

YOU have no more right to overtax yourself than you have to overtax your horse ; and you would think it cruel indeed to burden a poor animal beyond its strength. A merciful man is merciful to his beast—to his own body.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

MEN, when quiet, are like beasts in menageries. When full-fed, they lie down and stretch themselves, and sleep. The tiger and the lion, full-fed and sleepy, are as quiet as a lamb ; not so when they are hungry—not so when they are aroused. Men, in days of prosperity, when their feelings are placated, are gratified and purr, who roar when they are touched by the sharp point of iron adversity.—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

Men
like Beasts
in
menageries

THERE are good and perfectional Christians whose piety is like a crown, who, putting it on their heads, say "I am a Christian ;" taking it off, say, "I am a Christian ; I have only left my Christianity at home." And then they go out into the world, and do all kinds of dirty and mean work ; going back again, put on the crown, and say, "I am a Christian again !" If you *are* a Christian, you go to bed a Christian and get up a Christian ; you are a Christian at home, in your store, and everywhere.—*Evening Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

Going
to Bed
a
Christian

You hadn't
Better
jump

BUT it is said that parents may deceive their children when their inquisitiveness leads them to ask about things which they should not know. If they ask about things which they should not know, then tell them that they should not know. "But," people say, "a child puts a parent in such a disagreeable position sometimes." Well, you hadn't better jump out of it into a lie.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

The Bible
a mere
commentary

I WOULD not undervalue the Bible, but the revelation of outward nature is infinitely to outlast the Bible as a revelation of what God has done. For the Bible is to the revelation of God a mere commentary, and the text is more than the commentary.—*Morning Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

Chestnuts
and
Bible
truths

THIS is rather a hard gospel when you come to practice it. It is one thing to knock down chestnuts from the branches of the trees; but when you have knocked them down you have not overcome your

worst difficulty, if the frost has not opened the burs. It is harder to open the burs and get at the chestnuts than it is to knock them down from the trees. And I think it is just so in regard to getting instruction from the divine Word. It is hard enough to get truths from the Bible; and when you have got them, it is harder to carry them into daily practice than it was to get them.—*Morning Sermon, June 19, 1859.*

AND when respectable men, members of the church in the nineteenth century, look out of the window and see Christ walking up and down protecting their interests, making out bills of insurance for them, how do they say, "Hail, Master!"—*Morning Sermon, December 25, 1859.*

Christ
making out
Bills of
insurance

THIS is very much provoked and enhanced by the very pernicious habit of novel reading—I mean the reading of religious biographies; for I think it is one of the worst things that can befall a man,

Religious
Biographies
pernicious
and lying

because in general they are not true, and the nearer they come to the truth the more lying they are.—*Evening Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

Bipedal
brutes

TRUE politeness can rest only in a kind disposition; though its signs and names may be counterfeited, yet they are never so good as those that are uncounterfeited. The man who is only selfish and indifferent at heart can not be a gentleman. As to those gentlemanly bears that infest society, those bipedal brutes that walk about, flinging their unsavory manners in our midst, they are beneath our notice.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

Black
sounds

WHEN men invoke the name of God they do it with their deepest and most solemn tones. I associate sounds with colors. Certain sounds I associate with red, and certain other sounds I associate with yellow; and when I hear these doleful praying sounds I think of black and feel as though the man that utters

them stood robed in black velvet!—*Wednesday Evening Lecture, December 28, 1859.*

HERE is a man who goes to the judgment, and claims to have been a man of unexceptionable piety. He bears witness that he never violated the Sabbath day; that he never spoke loud or laughed on Sunday; that he never did any secular work on Sunday; that he never blacked his boots, or shaved or cooked on Sunday; that he never rode in the cars or on the boats on Sunday. He was always very scrupulous about what he did on Sunday. On any other day he would not hesitate to take advantage of his fellow men; he would not hesitate to gouge the poor woman that put his carpet down; he would not hesitate to cheat his customers; but, then, he kept Sunday.—*Evening Sermon, December 11, 1859.*

Never
Blacked
his boots
on
Sunday

AND then the cruelties of superstition; that is to say, the cruelties which men have been led by religious superstition to

In
Blessed
extravagance

commit upon their fellow-men—of these I might say, as John, in blessed extravagance, said of the sayings and doings of Christ.—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

War
a
Blister
plaster

WHAT a shame, that it should be left for war—the most abominable of earthly things, a thing that is good only as a blister plaster is better than inflammation—to illustrate what ought to have been illustrated by the church!—*Morning Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

Blown out
before
you are half
burned

DO you not live day by day, as if nothing were more certain, and nothing could give you less trouble than the matter of living; as if it were rolled out for days to come, whereas it is but a hand's breath; it is but a taper long, and many of you may be blown out before you are half burned.—*Evening Sermon, July 3, 1859.*

Bogus
religion

MEN do not take a bank-bill simply because it is a bank-bill. They see whether it is a genuine bill, and whether

the bank it is on is able to pay; and if it is a good bill, and on a good bank, they take it on account of the gold there is behind it. And so with professors of religion. When a man knows there is a great deal of bogus religion, he scrutinizes professors to know whether they are counterfeit. He wants to know whether there is the gold of performance behind them.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

WHEN Jonathan Edwards, the brightest lamp of centuries on these shores, stood forth, ten thousand bats flew round him, and myriads of moths and millers tried to put out his light, and he was regarded as a great innovator; but in our time there is no lack of men who worship Jonathan Edwards. And, strange to say, the very men who worship these bright examples of Christian heroism, take their old bones, as Samson took the jaw bone of an ass, and stand in the way of the truths which they sought to establish.—*Evening Sermon, December 11, 1859.*

Take
their old
Bones
and stand
in the way

Well Born
when
first born

A GOOD Christian needs to be born again, but it is very necessary that he should have been well born when he was first born.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

Any amount
of
Botanical
sincerity

HERE is a man who is sowing what appears to be black ashes. A friend accosts him, saying, "What have you got in your bag?" He learns that it is the hulls of buckwheat—the chaff of old wheat; and he says, "What are you sowing chaff for?" "Why," the man replies, "I have the impression that if a man is only faithful and sincere, it makes no difference what he sows?" Doesn't it make a difference? Suppose a man should sow couch-grass, thinking that he was going to get timothy hay? Would he? Suppose a man should set out crab-apple trees in his orchard, and think that he was going to get fall-pippins? Would he? Suppose a man should sow that most detestable of all detestable seeds, the Canada thistle, and say that that was wheat? Would any amount

of botanical sincerity on the part of this fool secure to him a harvest of anything better than the seed sown?—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

THERE are other men who live in their imagination. They dream all their life long. On a special impulse they open their eyes, and see things as they are; but the moment the hard, practical necessity which disturbs them has given way, and they are at liberty to do what they love to do best, back they sink into day dreams, and dream up, and down, and out both ways!—*Morning Sermon, August 7, 1859.*

Up and
down
and out
Both ways

IF you send the colored people away, white people, who are useful in higher departments of labor, will have to take their places. And who will supply the places of those that go down to take the places of the negroes? Why the class next above them. When you take away the bottom of society the top must necessarily come

Top and
Bottom

down. If a man despises his feet and cuts them off, down goes his head. For every single inch that he cuts off from his feet, he brings his head down an inch. And if the top of society, despising the bottom, takes it away, it must come down in proportion to the amount that it takes away.—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

Lift up
the
Bottom
charitably

THE nearer a man stands to the gate of heaven, the worse is sin in him; and the nearer a man stands to the gate of perdition—if there are any degrees in sin—the less heinous is sin in him. Therefore Jesus Christ, when He stood before those sacred men, the priests of the sanctuary, who stood at the very top of knowledge, pointing to the prostitutes who stood in the very dregs of life, said to the proud priests: “The publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before you.” If Christ were to walk in the streets of New York now, there would be the same terrible exco-riations; if things were brought to the level

of the New Testament in our times, it would bring down the top terribly and lift up the bottom charitably.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

MEN have a little boat of piety, which runs up and down the waves of their experience; but their life is a great hull of selfishness, the bow of which is rigged with the lower passions.—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Bow rigged
with the
passions

I THINK that he is the best man who has the most boy in him.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

The most
Boy in him

THOUSANDS of boys are dreaming of growing suddenly rich—and I call a man a boy as long as he is foolish; so that the boyhood of a great many, you see, goes with them clear through life! There are thousands of boys, of all ages, that are dreaming about going to bed poor, and waking up rich.—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Boys
of all ages

Bread
and
butter

SOME men are like beggars that have sometimes come to my door. They said, "Will you not give me some bread and butter?" I took them at their word, and gave them some bread and butter; but it was a quarter of a dollar that they wanted; they did not want the bread and butter at all; so when they turned to go away, they threw it behind them.—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

Breaking in

WE are a part of His husbandry. "Ye are God's husbandry." For you He thinks. For you he tills. He is breaking in your disposition. — *Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

Breaks up
into
all manner of
antics

NOW, if a man means to walk, he must have a clear course in order to gain anything like a gait or a majesty of movement, or a sweep and power of movement. But if a man starts to walk, and says, "Where shall I put my foot? Well—well, *there*, I guess. Well, where

shall I put the next one? Well, *there*," and then he takes it back to see if it is right, and then puts it down again; then he stops and says, "Perhaps it is the other foot." Now this is to walking just exactly as the course which many persons pursue with regard to becoming perfect. They never think, but they stop to see if it is right; and so their feelings are started, and then pulled back; they are chafed like a horse that is not permitted to go, and is whipped for not going, till he breaks up into all manner of antics, and it is happy for them if they do not break away from the vehicle entirely.—*Evening Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

THE great commandment of the law is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind"—and then there is not a great gulf between the two parts of it, but only room to take breath—"and thy neighbor as thyself." They come right

together, as twins.—*Morning Sermon, August 7, 1859.*

Broad-
leaved
experience

IT is how much of the invisible we can bring into this life that makes this life rich and valuable. I will tell you a secret of gardening. Turnips and other crops that have long roots, and depend mostly for their nourishment on the soil, exhaust the soil; while those crops that have broad leaves, and take the greater portion of their nourishment from the air, organizing it, and turning it into the soil, enrich the soil. Now let me tell you that that which makes this life rich is that broad-leaved experience which derives its support from the air of the future world.—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Spirits
Broken

I HAVE no doubt that it would be a sad thing to have a child's spirit broken; but I do not remember ever to have met with an instance of such misfortune, and therefore I cannot speak knowingly on this point. I do not think our

American children suffer from having their spirits broken too early!—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

I THINK God makes men, in some respects, as he makes tulips. In the autumn of the year the next year's blossom is stored up, all ready to come forth, and there is food enough in it to get it out of the ground. Children are bulbs. There is parent enough in them to last till they can organize character for themselves.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

Children
are Bulbs

IF your God is made out of conceptions derived from the great and heartless round of the natural world; if you have a great crystalline God, such as philosophy deduces from the material globe, you can conceive of no such thing as his detracting from his dignity by coming down to burrow, as you call it, in this lower sphere.—*Morning Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

God
coming
down
to Burrow

Busy
do-nothings

THERE is nothing, I suppose, more busy in sultry summer days than flies are, and what a world of trouble they take to report their activities, buzzing and flying everywhere; and what is there on earth ever effects so little? Many people are like them; they are exceedingly busy, but they do nothing.—*Evening Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

But and if,
hell-gates

“AH!” says he, “I think I will go, too, but”—*but*, you know, is the gate out of which all hell comes; or he says, “I will go if”—and *if* is the other leaf of that gate, for it is a double-leaved one.—*Morning Sermon, December 11, 1859.*

But then

NEVER, when you see a thing to be right, stand skaking and quaking, and say, “But then.” That “But then” is a devil damned. *If* and *but* have destroyed more souls than any fiend in hell.—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

A MAN may be a good citizen, whether he takes one side or the other of the tariff question ; whether he believes in banks, or disbelieves in them ; whether he is in favor of usury laws, or is opposed to them. But what would you think of the good citizenship of a man who really believed that stealing was not a sin ? The more thoroughly a man believes this, the worse he is ; and if I were to hear a man say, "I am perfectly sincere when I declare that I do not believe stealing is wrong," I should button up my pocket whenever he came near me !—*Evening Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

I should
Button up
my pocket

HAVE you ever seen a tree growing out of its appropriate latitude ? Here is a careful man who has a peach tree nailed out on the south side of a wall. He covers the roots with straw, binds bandages around the trunk, and wraps up all the branches and leaves, so that every part of the tree shall be exposed as little as possible. When it gets

Big as a
stage-
driver's
Button

to be five years old, he calls you to rejoice with him because it has ten peaches on it. You wonder that it is possible for a peach tree to grow, and bear fruit, in such a situation as that is in ; and yet there are ten real peaches on it, almost as big as a stage-driver's button.—*Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

Religion
to
be set
Buzzing

RELIGION is to the soul what health is to the body—it is the right ordering of all the faculties. Many persons think it is confined to certain faculties, which must be set buzzing at particular times.—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

A world of
Buzzing

THERE is not one man that is smart where there are twenty men that think they are ; and many men are smart only as flies are : they make a world of buzzing, but do not make much else.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

HOW many ten thousand times, in your day and in mine, is "the peace of the Church" urged as an excuse for her not performing certain of her duties. As if the Church were of any account, except as an instrument; as if it were anything but a cannon-ball which God fires out of the Gospel, whose business is to bound and rebound through the world, without regard to its own preservation, but in such a way as to do the most execution in the great battle against sin in which it is employed. Think of a cannon-ball whose only care was that it might not get bruised!—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

Careful
Cannon-
ball

NOW the Roman Catholic Church is like an old tree in my father's orchard, which I have recently visited. There were many dead branches upon it, but there still remained two living branches. I remembered the place where the tree stood. I knew that it used to bear good apples.—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

Catholic
Church
Used to bear
good
apples

Chaff
farmers

SINCERITY is a very good thing, but it cannot make grain out of chaff. And that man who thinks that it makes no difference what he believes, so long as he is sincere, is a *chaff* farmer.—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

The
Chamber
floor

WE are living on a flight of stairs in this world, and we shall not touch the chamber floor till we touch the vestibule of heaven.—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Charging up
before the
throne
of God

I DO not wonder that, with the thought which most Christians have of God, they are slow to go to Him. What man would not be afraid to make prayers to a thunderbolt, if he expected that the result of every prayer would be to bring a bolt down upon his head? I should not want to charge up before the throne of God, if it were like charging before a battery.—*Morning Sermon, July 3, 1859.*

GOD says, "Take no thought what ye shall eat ;" and it seems to me He needs not to say this more than once to a Christian. Do the things you can, and do them cheerfully. Sing while you work. It is as cheap to trust as to fret.—*Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

It is as
Cheap
to trust as
to fret

THE promise of God is not this : "Do you declare what you want, and be pious, and I will see that the plan which you mark out is filled up." He doesn't promise that if we will draw a check, filling up the blank with the sum which we want, He will sign His name to it.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

God doesn't
promise
to sign our
Check

I WILL not go at large into the subject of games. I do not think that, under ordinary circumstances, there is harm in playing checkers, or backgammon, or chess—that noble game—unless it is allowed to consume too much time.—*Evening Sermon, November 20, 1859.*

No harm
in Checkers
or
backgammon

A trowel
better
than
a Chip

I LOOK upon the Roman Catholic Church as being dead in one branch, and another, and as being bark-bound and worm-eaten, but as having some real good sap in it yet, and some living boughs, and as bearing some fair fruit ; and I can say, "God be thanked for the good in the Roman Catholic Church." "But," says one, "do you think one religious system as good as another?" By no manner of means. There are systems that seem to me to be wonderfully adapted to avoid the evil and promote the good, and to be as much better than some other systems as a mason's trowel is better than a chip with which to lay brick in a wall.—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

God
never said
"Chisel"

GOD made timber grow, but He never made a house. He made timber grow, but He never built a bridge. He made timber grow, but He never, in all the history of creation, put a tool into a man's hand. He never said "saw," or "chisel," or "mallet," or "hammer," or

"nail."—*Morning Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

IT is by a man's theology, and not by his life, that he is usually judged. If I say of a man, "Is he a good man?" I receive the answer, "No; he's a Unitarian." It is understood at once that if a man holds to the Unitarian doctrine he cannot be good. I ask of another, "Do you consider him a good man?" "No; he's a Swedenborgian." I say of another, "Is he good?" "No; he cannot be good, for he's a Universalist." But be it far from me to judge a man by what he believes. A person can be as good with one system as another. If you were to ask me whether I think a man can get out the stone for a building with a lead chisel, I should say, "I should not think he could; at any rate, give me a good steel chisel." But suppose that in some way a man does continue, with a lead chisel, to get out the stone for his building, I am not to look at the building, and when I see it is well built, say it

Getting out
stone
with a
lead
Chisel

isn't a good piece of workmanship, because he cut the stone with a poor chisel. I should rather marvel at his being able to produce so good a structure with such inferior means.—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

Nearer
Christ
than you are
a
great deal!

TO watch to see what is awkward in others ; to search out the infirmities of men ; to go out like a street-sweeper, or a universal scavenger, to collect the faults and failings of people ; to carry these things about as if they were cherries or flowers ; to throw them out of your bag or pouch, and make them an evening repast, or a noonday meal, or the amusement of a social hour, enlivened by unfeeling criticisms, heartless jests, and cutting sarcasms ; to take a man up as you would a chicken, and gnaw his flesh from his very bones, and then lay him down, saying, with fiendish exultation, "There is his skeleton"—this is devilish ! You may call it by as many pretty names as you please, but it is devilish ! and you will do nothing

worse than this when you go to hell ; for you may expect to go there if you have such a disposition and do not change it. Talk about cannibalism ! Cannibals never eat a man till he is dead. They are nearer Christ than you are, a great deal !—*Morning Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

NO man has a right to say, "I will take the regality of power which I have, and carve out a place, and store it with abundance, and go in there and enjoy myself for the rest of my life." The life of such a man is the insect life. There is a worm to begin with. This worm goes into himself to take his ease, and becomes a dead, juicy chrysalis. A worm, a butterfly, a sack of juice : these are the three forms of insect life. And how many men are there that are worms in their beginnings, who, when they have gone through their crawling period, wing their way in the summer warmth for a time, and then go back into a substantial chrysalis state ! —*Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

Chrysalis
men

YOU will find that the Christians of each particular church are so like each other, that a discerning mind, on seeing a Christian, can tell what church he belongs to.—*Wednesday Evening Lecture, November 16, 1859.*

You can tell
what Church
he
belongs to

THE Church has come to be popular ; and getting into the Church is not getting into God's kingdom, by any means.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

The Church
vs.
God's
kingdom

YOU will never need for a corrupt minister : there is a church for hell as well as for the sanctities.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

A Church
for hell

I HAVE heard business men say that, so far from trusting a man because he was a church member, they were inclined to be rather more suspicious of him on that account, because they thought he was apt to use his righteousness as a garment under which to practice dishonesties.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Trusting a
Church
member

NEW YORK is a honey-comb, in every cell of which are enacted scenes of untold wickedness ; and there is nothing related of the devil, in legend or in monkish fable, that is not outmastered and overdrawn in the haunts of vice and corruption in the lower parts of that city. And yet men laugh at the credulousness of those who believe that God would permit the existence of a devil. If he would permit the existence of a man, he would permit the existence of a devil ; for a devil would not be a circumstance to such men as I have described !—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

A devil
wouldn't be
a Circum-
stance

AND as she [Mary Magdalene] stood there weeping, probably almost unconscious of what she did, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and saw what those two great men did not see—very likely, too, because their eyes were so rude and coarse. But the woman's eye, that had been cleansed by her way of

Cleansed
by her
way of
living

living, had a discerning power which, it seems, had yet to be given to the others.—

Wednesday Evening Lecture, February 1, 1860.

God's
providence
never
weaves
Cloth

THERE is a providence of God, a thinking of God for us; but it is no such providence or thinking as ever takes the place of, or interferes with, our own personal wisdom. There is a providence of God, but it never weaves cloth.—
Evening Sermon, July 3, 1859.

Parental
anxiety
Clucking
all the
day long

“BE content with such things as ye have.” Well, you are not. God has given you a family of children; and one looking upon your household from the outside would say, “How happy that father and that mother must be with such children.” But a person who is brought into near relations with you will find that parental anxiety is clucking after those children all the day long.—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

WHAT a coarse book this Bible is.

It has never been to school to get refined, so we have to take it just as we find it. These are plain words: "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" Show me a man that is proud and over-reaching, who professes to be pious, and I will tell you that his piety is all flummery. There is not a bit of piety in such a man.
—*Morning Sermon, June 19, 1859.*

What a
Coarse book
this Bible
is

DEEDS of kindness must not be occasional, and as enforced duties; they must be the spontaneous acts of an abiding disposition of Christian love. They must grow out of you as grass grows out of the summer-warmed ground. You don't have to coax grass to grow; you can't coax it not to grow.—*Morning Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

No Coaxing
grass
to grow

WHEN we go into a family, can anything be sweeter than to see those pleasant, glowing looks, and hear those kind words, which stir the memories of tender associations? How much of heaven there is sometimes in the blush upon the mother's cheek, and how much of the heart's best knowledge shines in the father's face, drawn out by those incidental allusions which go direct from heart to heart. But suppose we find every day each one of the parents cobwebbing the other from morning until night with well-spun words, winding them round and round in a flimsy net-work and shallow pretence of affection. I think there are some men who never speak kindly until they are on the eve of a broil; they say, "My dear," and then each word pierces sharper and sharper, till the quarrel becomes almost intolerable.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

WE should brush down all the infinite cobwebs woven in the corners of the house of duty.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Infinite
Cobwebs

THEN, next, there are what may be called *chaff* farmers in spiritual husbandry ; I do not know that there are any such in natural husbandry, but you can conceive what they would be there. Suppose you should find a farmer who said that he had been pondering upon the theory and science of farming ; that he was satisfied that farmers had been doing injustice to many kinds of seeds ; and that he felt assured that if a man would sow cockle seeds, and do it sincerely, God would give the increase? So He would—of cockles !—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

So He
would—of
Cockles

IT is not in the power of all the Bolingbrokes, and Voltaires, and Tom Paines, and Rousseaus, and other great names that write infidel matters—it is not in the power of all the locust host of infidels—to do that

The
devil's
Colporteurs

The
devil's
Colporteurs

damage to true religion which may be done by an unfaithful church, or by the ungodly testimony, in practical life, of professors of religion ; for betraying Christians are the devil's colporteurs, who peddle tracts of infidelity ; not printed tracts, but living epistles—their own examples.—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Eat with
Color
and sleep
with Color

FOR I hold that the prejudice which exists against *color*, is not against color ; and it is not against carelessness, nor indolence, nor impertinence ; because you shall find, in nearly twenty States, that wherever color is subordinated to a man's interests, he can eat with color, and sleep with color, and ride with color, and do everything with color.—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

That's
Coming it

A PAINTER undertakes to paint a portrait of my friend. When he has drawn the outline of the head, I say, " You have the right idea." After he has laid on

the dead coloring, I say, "I think I see what you are going to do." I step into his studio just after he has marked out the features, and I say, "That's coming it."—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

I THINK every man who is not a com-
mentator must know what Paul meant.
—*Morning Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

Every man
not a
Commenta-
tor

WHEN a church was about to be built in a certain town, the people were divided with reference to where it should stand, and the minister had to preach a very strong sermon on the subject. This sermon had the desired effect. It even brought tears to the eyes of the deacons—and it is a good sign when deacons cry. The next morning one deacon called on another, and said to him, "Our minister is right, and we are imperiling the cause of Christ by our dissension, and I have come to tell you that we must compromise; and now, you must give up, for I can't."—*Morning Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

Compro-
mise

You must
give up,
for I can't

Would
Compromise
on
\$100,000

IN some lands a man is considered very rich if he has twenty-five thousand dollars. In other lands fifty thousand dollars makes a man so rich that he scarcely feels any motives for further accumulation. In other countries it requires a hundred thousand dollars to make a man rich. I suppose that the average of this congregation would compromise on a hundred thousand dollars—principally, however, because they do not expect half or a quarter of that sum!—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Coney
Island
water-logs

I THINK I can show ambitious men, who seek political preferments, their types on the sea-shore, on Coney Island, for instance. There you will see old, worthless sticks of drift-wood come rolling in on the crest of some wave: these are now the types of political men coming into power. In the course of a year or so they are sucked out into the sea again by the ebbing and flowing of the tide: then they are types of political men going out of power; and whether coming in or going out, they

are merely old, decayed water-logs, which are fit for nothing, not even to be burned.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1850.*

I HAVE seen men that had a great deal too much conscience. Their conscience stood in the way of their usefulness. One of our noblest poets told me that he would be much more useful if he had not such a supersensitive conscience.—*Evening Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

Too much
Conscience

SNOW is conservative rain. It is good to keep; and it is good for little else until it stops being snow, and comes to be rain.—*Morning Sermon, December 4, 1859*

Snow,
Conservative
rain

THE importation and exportation of wares contraband to heaven is going on all the time!—*Morning Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

Wares
Contraband
to heaven

Copyists
and
dogs

COPYISTS are not artists, any more than a dog is an artist because he draws a little baby in a wagon behind him!

—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

I always
Cotton to
the rich

I HAVE known a good many of these rich men! I always cotton to the rich! I always make friends with them, that I may find out what sort of men they are, what kind of a life they live, and how they enjoy themselves! I was very much struck by a fact that was related to me of a very rich man—he is well known in New York, but I will not mention his name—by his agent. Said he, “I have often heard him turn in his bed in the night, saying, ‘Oh God! oh God! oh God! When will it be morning!’” It did me good!—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

New York
Courts

YOU have taken notice that in New York it makes a great difference before what court you bring a case at law. There are different judges in different courts, and justice varies, practically, with

the men who decree it. You can obtain an acquittal at one court, while you would get a conviction at another. When a man has a case to be tried, therefore, he wishes it to come before that court whose verdict will suit him.—*Morning Sermon, November 27, 1859.*

PERSONS do a great deal of unrequited Christian work here, one with another, which does not seem to produce any fruit. I think it will bear fruit in heaven. They will see it there. You know that if you plant peach stones, they do not come up the same year. It always requires one winter to crack the shell.—*Wednesday Evening Lecture, November 16, 1859.*

One winter
to Crack the
shell

IF you cut off a branch of a tree, and immediately bandage it, so as not to allow the air to get at the wound, it will grow again; but if you crack a crystal vase, no growing process in creation will repair the damage. It is cracked glass

Hot water
on a
Cracked
friendship

forever and forever. Nothing will take out the crack. Now, although a cracked friendship, like a cracked tumbler, may be cemented, the moment you put it into hot water the bottom will fall out, or it will come to pieces!—*Evening Sermon, January 29, 1860.*

Crawl
out of
life

PERSONS that are fretful in youth and in middle age are usually so through old age, and they go croaking to the end of their days, when, reptile-like, they crawl out of life.—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

Crazy
in his
pocket

I SAY that the idea of removing the free colored people of the United States, when you look at it from the standpoint of political economy, is insanity; it is pocket insanity; and it is enough to send a man to the asylum for life, to be crazy in his pocket!—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

WHAT if a person going on a journey of five years should undertake to carry provisions, and clothes, and gold enough to last him during the whole time, lugging them as he traveled like a veritable Englishman, with all creation at his back! —*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

With all
Creation
at his
back!

NOW, God gives every man a circular letter of credit for life, and says, "Whenever you get to a place where you need assistance, take your letter to the Banker, and the needed assistance will be given you." —*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

God's
letter of
Credit

A COMMAND also given in the Bible, which seems strange, to children especially, whether ungrown or grown, is this: "Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Now, parents are perpetually telling their children that it is sinful to be angry, and when they come to read in the Bible, "Be ye angry and sin not," it seems to them as

As though
the thing
were
Cross-
ploughed

though the thing were cross-ploughed and turned up by the roots.—*Morning Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

SUFFERING is curative when it is applied early, when men are not very wicked ; but taken later, it makes men crusty.—*Morning Sermon, January 9, 1859.*

Taken
later,
it makes
men Crusty

ANY man who has a family round about him, whatever it may cost in the beginning, will do wisely to take up family prayer. As to reading of it from a book, every man must have his own liberty. It is better to read than not to pray ; but it is still better to read from your own religious experience than from any other volume. A man who walks with crutches is better than a man who does not walk at all.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

Reading
prayers
and
walking
with
Crutches

MEN that are bad have, I say, a great many good things in and about them ; but the question is not whether a

What should
be the
Cutwater?

man has some good or some bad. The best men have enough that is bad, and the worst men have some good. The question is, What should be the cutwater?—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

CYPHER both ways, not only toward heaven, but also toward hell; and make up your mind what you will do from a comprehensive calculation, and not a partial and flattering one.—*Evening Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

Cypher
both
ways

THEREFORE although I would not speak contemptuously of any form of words that may have become endeared to any man's experience, yet I may say, so far as my own experience is concerned, I utterly abhor such terms as "God's plan," and as the "plan of salvation;" as though there had been endless cypherings, planings, fixings and arrangements, and at last there was something devised, and God's heart uplifted salvation.—*Evening Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

Cypherings
for
salvation

Every
church
wants
somebody
to Damn!

THROUGHOUT medieval Europe the Jew was the cursing block of man: for you know everybody wants somebody to swear at; every nation wants somebody to curse; every church wants somebody to damn.—*Morning Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

They
never
would
say
"Damn it!"

I KNOW innocent men who do not hesitate to take the name of God in vain. They never would say, "Damn it!" but they do not hesitate to say, "Oh, Lord!" which is no better.—*Evening Sermon, November 20, 1859.*

I will tell
you all
what you
will get,
and that
is
Damnation!

YOU may wink at wickedness, but God won't wink at it. Whatever you think you will get, I will tell you what you will get if you give up the righteousness of God, and that is, damnation!—*Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Dandling
troubles

THERE are a great many persons who act as if they thought petty troubles were a luxury; and they seem never to be satisfied without them. They nurse their

annoyances, and dandle them, as it were, on their knee, seeming determined to bring out of them all they have in them.—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

DO not be angry by the day. Be angry when there is a just cause for it, but get over it as speedily as possible. A man could not live and be in a constant blaze of anger. It is only now and then that one can afford to be angry.—*Morning Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Don't
be angry
by the Day

OLD Saxon words are Day of Judgment words; they are like double-edged swords, and cut where they hit. But when we come to speak of evil, we must have Latin, or some soft language. I think it will take two or three languages for us to get along with, soon.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Day of
Judgment
words

THE active period, even in the case of the longest-lived men, is only about forty-five years. Now, consider what this

You are
Dead
a third
of the
time that
you are
alive

period of forty-five years is made up of, and how much usable there is in it. There is a tax of eight hours out of every twenty-four, to begin with, for sleep. You are dead one full third of the time that you are alive!—*Evening Sermon, December 25, 1859.*

As I do
the
Devil

I CAN find a charity in my heart for all creatures of guilt except the various men who sin deliberately against their fellow-men, to consume them. Such I regard as I do the devil!—*Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

Devil-
duped
and
Devil-
damned

I NEVER saw a man bribe himself to use a wicked thing, that did not afterward falsify and perjure himself. When a man goes into a business of this kind, thinking he will do it for the means of doing good, oh, how devil-duped he is, that he may be devil-damned!—*Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

I SUPPOSE there is nothing more offensive to men than stealing, where the rights of property are involved. Our ideas of stealing are perpendicular, and a thousand feet high. There is nothing like stealing to us. It is enough to doom a man to perdition. But lying is not supposed to be so very bad ; and these men who would not let a person vary a hair from rectitude on the subject of property, when it comes to his word, when it comes to his use of deception as a means of getting property, do not think he need be over scrupulous. They say, " We must be moderate in our ideas of veracity when we are engaged in commercial matters. When we are among Romans, we must do as Romans do ; " and all that kind of devil-talk.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Perpen-
dicular
ideas

Devil-talk

ALL along the shores of life I see men in middle life lay themselves up ; and there they lie shrinking and cracking, good for nothing on sea or on land. Now,

If you
want
to retire,
Die

if anybody wants to retire, die!—*Evening Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

“I don’t
want to
eat Dirt.”

AVOID falsehood in all its varied forms, and I repeat, if you sin at all, sin on the side of truth. Where men give you permission to do wrong, let it be as though they gave you permission to eat dirt. If you were told that you may eat dirt, you would say, “I don’t want to eat dirt, and I won’t touch it.”—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Dirty
sin
and
burnished
iniquity

EVERYBODY sits in judgment on a dirty sin; but clean it, dress it, and polish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it is not so sinful, after all. It is ragged iniquity that is sinful; burnished iniquity is not quite so wicked.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

I have
my
Dividend
of
God’s care

THERE is no voice in nature that teaches me that God cares for me, except as he cares for chestnut burrs, and fungi, and vines, and bees, and insects.

God cares for nature, and cares for me as a part of nature. As a part of nature, I have my dividend of God's care and thought.—
Morning Sermon, October 2, 1859.

FOR instance, on Sunday a man worships God, sings to God, prays to God, carries around the contribution box for God's sake, takes the sacrament for God, keeps a sober face for God, walks slowly to church and home again for God, and abstains from reading the newspaper for God; but when he has done all these things for God, and the sun is down, "Now," he says, "I have got through with my religion for to-day. To-morrow I am going into the world again." And what are you going to do? "Why, I have a caucus to attend, and such and such a man to elect." But you are a Christian man, the head of a Christian household, and a member of the Christian church. "Oh, don't talk to me about religion. Religion is religion, and the world and politics are different affairs altogether. When I do religion, I do reli-

When I
Do
religion,
I Do
religion

gion ; and when I take care of the world, I take care of the world."—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

\$1,000
a day

IF you were to ask our bankers, "Would you associate with a colored man?" they would straighten up with insulted dignity, and say, "I, that am respectably connected!" But let a colored man deposit in a bank a thousand dollars on Monday, a thousand dollars on Tuesday, and a thousand dollars on Wednesday. Up to this time the banker consents to take the money, to be sure ; but he is very unceremonious in his conduct to his new customer. On Thursday the man deposits a thousand dollars more, and a thousand dollars more on Friday. By this time the banker has become a little less reserved in his manner. The man continues to deposit a thousand dollars every day. On Saturday, when he comes, the banker says, "Good morning, sir." On Monday the salutation he receives is, "How do you do this morning, sir?" On Tuesday it is, "I am glad to see you

this morning, sir." On Wednesday, "How are your family, sir?" And, if the deposits amount to twenty, or thirty, or forty thousand dollars, "Won't you call upon me, sir?" Ah, there are a great many ways to get at men's consciences!—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

WE not unfrequently hear men say, "It is easy for you, who have a good constitution and a happy temperament, and who are agreeably circumstanced, to do thus and so; but if you were as bilious as I am; if you were as sick as I am; if you had to contend with such trials at home as I have to; if you were a business man, and you had such a harassing business about your heels as I have about mine, you would then have as much anxiety as I have, and you would fret as much as I do. It is very easy to preach, much easier than it is to practice." I have found that out, that it is a great deal easier to preach than it is to practice; but it is nevertheless our duty to practice.

Down-hill
duties

God does not exempt you from performing all duties except those which you can perform down hill.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

The
way to God
is
Down hill

PUBLIC sentiment and law may save a man before he has done wrong, but they damn him after he has done wrong. But not so with God. The way to Him is down hill. Up hill is down hill, if it be toward God!—*Morning Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

Dozing,
dozing,
dozing

YOU shall hear it said of a man : " Ah ! that is one of the greatest men the age has ever produced ; a sound, a deep, a profound man ; one of the most admirable theologians of the nation or the time. Pity he hadn't some little knowledge of human life. He never could do anything in the pulpit. People always went to sleep under his preaching ; but to those that could keep awake, it was so grand and deep. It was massive ! He had such great views of truth, and they were so admirably fitted to each

other." That is to say, a man who essentially and totally misses the great idea of preaching, that of rearing up in men vital sympathy with God, and producing in them a thought of the life to come ; a man who, missing this great idea, so handles his views of truth that while he is dozing, dozing, dozing over his manuscript, his hearers are dozing, dozing, in their pews : such an one is esteemed to be a very sound man!—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

WHENEVER profane oaths are employed to enforce earnestness or express passion, you may be sure it will not linger long in growth in evil dispositions. It is not merely irreverence ; a man unconsciously becomes profane in every sense. When he swears with his heart and with a strong draft, it will be always burning hot.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1869.*

Swears
with a
strong
Draft

WE go through life, drawing deep, so that the craft on both sides of the avenue through which we pass are made to

Drawing
deep

hop and bound upon the waves we produce, and so that men fostered in prosperity and in character rock and grind at the pier, and are angry toward us ; and yet we do not know what disturbance we are causing. —*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

This a
Drill world

WHEN God built this world, He did not build a palace complete with appointments. This is a drill world. Men were not dropped down upon it like manna, fit to be gathered and used as it fell ; but like seeds, to whom the plow is father, the furrow mother, and on which iron and stone, sickle, flail, and mill must act before they come to the loaf.—*Morning Sermon, September 25, 1859.*

Drizzling
indignation

IF you are roused up by the sight of injustice, by the sight of avarice, by the sight of cruelty, do what you can at once ; do as the bolt does when it lunges at the oak ; but don't be, in respect to your

indignation, like a northeast storm, which drizzles, drizzles, drizzles from morning till night.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

I DON'T think that conscience is apt to be a drug in the market. Some men talk about being over conscientious ; but I don't think that is a peculiar faculty of men in the city of New York.—*Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

A Drug
in the
market

WE drink, not to gratify the palate, but for a business purpose. That being the case, we may begin with the milder beverages, just as we begin our fires with pine shavings, not only because we can light them so easily, but also because we want them to set on fire something solidier. And wine is stepstone to brandy. Beer is stepstone the other way. It does not lead up to brandy, but it leads down to drunk, and beastly drunk.—*Evening Sermon, November 20, 1859,*

Leads
down
to
Drunk

Dry cards

DRY cards are very dry indeed. Drinking and playing are so nearly connected, that they court each other as almost intimate relations and inevitable friends.—*Evening Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

Dry
Split up
into
cord wood

IF there are any men who are too dry to live, they are those who have their truth all fixed and figured out, and who say of a man who has not such systematic views, "He is all afloat." Now I think that a man whose views of truth are not fixed, but who holds himself in readiness to receive whatever truth is presented to him, is like a living tree that is all open to the stimulating influences of the air; and I think that a man who has got all his truths fixed, is like a tree after it has been cut and split up into cord wood; it is dead and dry.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

Dumb book
and
Dumb house

HOW is it that we think of God in connection with catechism, and dumb book, and dumb house, but do not think of Him in connection with the living voices

of nature?—*Morning Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

THE same terrible instinct that is in many birds of prey, by which they have a palate for carrion, and scent it afar off, seems to be in the bosoms of a great many men in the world. The first hint of scandal is like the wine of intoxication to them. Their eyes begin to turn, and they exhibit the intensest curiosity. "How shall the thing be found out?" they say to themselves. "How shall it be opened up? How shall the parties involved be identified and convicted?" And so they chase after it, and watch it, and lurk to find it out. And if, when they have found it out, it proves to be as bad as they thought it was, it is a real luxury to them. It does them good to their very bones. They are heartily glad. They do rejoice in evil. Nothing gives them half so much pleasure. They mourn over virtue as a cold thing. They slide down the sides of it as men slide down the sides of frozen mountains. To

Roll
over and over
on the
Dung-hill of
vice

roll over and over upon the dung-hill of vice is their chief delight.—*Evening Sermon, December 4, 1859.*

Rankly as
weeds on a
Dung-hill

NO man ever used vulgar language but his soul also became vulgar; and once indulged in, this habit grows as rankly as weeds on a dung-hill.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

Edifying

IT is edifying to hear a demagogue rail at men who have no love of country, at selfish men, at men who wish to dupe the people!—*Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

Mean
as a
religious
Editor

I DO not feel bound to think that I shall be a counterfeiter, a burglar, or a pirate. I do not feel bound to say to myself, "I shall be as mean as if I were a religious editor, and as corrupt as if I were a politician."—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

MEN do not come into life full-born. Childhood is but an egg laid, to be hatched by human life. Man comes into the world unfledged, and he has to work his way up through the exterior shell of ignorance, before he can peep or fly.—*Morning Sermon, October 30, 1859.*

Childhood
is
but
an Egg

THIS man, who has lived sixty or sixty-five years without exhibiting hate or revenge, now says, "As God is my judge, I will not rest till I have avenged my child." Murder is in his footsteps, and the bitterness of deadly hate is in his heart. He did not know, till now, that they were there. You never can tell by the way an egg looks what kind of a bird will come out of it: it may be eagle; it may be vulture.—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

The Egg
and
the bird

IT is a sign of progress that opinions in the North have been steadily rising for the last ten years, in spite of the pressure brought to bear to make men call evil truth, and vice virtue. I look back with

Egg-
sanctified

unspeakable gladness, though not with any pride, to the day when I was called to choose. On one side was a despised minority, an egg-sanctified minority; on the other side were learning, wisdom, and influence. — *Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

God
not
Emasculate

ANY notion of God that takes away this wide-swinging and far-resounding thunder of indignation, leaves Him emasculate, feeble, unfit for heaven, and unfit for earth. — *Morning Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Men
hate
to be
Emptied

NATURE is said to abhor a vacuum; but she does not half so much as men hate to be emptied before God of their conscious spiritual excellencies. Bad men, when assailed by reasons of goodness, are not half so virulent as men occupying a low platform when assailed by a higher platform. — *Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

IF, in your prophesying, you take God's commandments, and turn them end for end, you will find yourself prophesy lies.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

End for End

THE wise men are those that come out best at the other end, not those that dance the nimblest at this end.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

The other
End
and this
End

NEVER lived a man to more purpose in the life that now is than Paul did. Christ was not to him only a royal engineer who eighteen hundred years ago cast up a highway of salvation from earth to heaven.—*Morning Sermon, February 19, 1860.*

Christ
not
only a
royal
Engineer

GOD has a million men who know how to enjoy good health, where he has one who knows how to enjoy sickness.—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

How
to Enjoy
sickness

THERE never was such a family borne on the heart of a man as our Saviour bore on His heart when He was in this

Christ's
arms
like
an Equator

world, and as He bears on His heart still. His arms were and are stretched around the world like an equator.—*Evening Sermon, November 2, 1859.*

That
"Especially"
was dead
long ago

“AS ye have opportunity, do good unto all men,” saith the command, “especially unto them who are of the household of faith ;” but that “especially” was dead long ago.—*Morning Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

Pitched out
of the
Establish-
ment

SUPPOSE you are needy, suppose you are about to be pitched out of the establishment, suppose you don't know where to get your daily bread or how to pay for your clothes, suppose you have no friends, God Almighty is on your side ; and do you believe He will not supply your wants, when He cares for the birds of the air, when He has sprinkled the Bible all over with promises ?—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

THE idea of our expatriating a million of laboring men is a fancy born in the brain of a fool, and the father of it is the devil!—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

Expatriation

NOW, suppose I should fall into a controversy with a man, and should adroitly deceive him; and suppose, after having done it, I should come before you, and say, "I told an exquisite lie yesterday. I did not tell it selfishly, however; I told it for a wise purpose, and it inured to the benefit of the truth." How many of you would admire me for owning that I had told a permissible lie?—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

An Exquisite lie

I LIKE to see a hard-working, honest man, especially if he has had some dirty calling—a butcher, a tallow chandler, or a dealer in fish oil; I like to see such a man, when by dint of honest industry he gets rich, build him a house in the best neighborhood in the place, and build it

Fat to the very marrow

so that everybody says, "O, what a fine house ; it is better taste than we expected." That does me good ; makes me fat to the very marrow.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Best of all,
Father
and mother
ride
with them

GOD has made this world as a splendid chariot, that His children may ride as princes. The horses serve them, the chariot serves them, and the driver serves them ; and, best of all, father and mother ride with them to take care of them.—*Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

Mr.
Fat-soul
the
topmost
man

WHILE men stood out of his path, and turned to look back admiringly after him, and to say to the stranger newly come to town, "Knowest thou who that is? That is the great and wealthy Mr. Fat-soul"—amid all these congratulations, and admirations, and human praises, there were others looking at him, and expressing opinions about him not quite so complimentary. For God and holy angels looked down upon his gross abundance, upon his

fat and dozing ease, and upon his arrogant self-gratulations ; and God calmly said to this man, who stood so large, who was so prospered, and who, very likely, was the topmost man of the whole circle in which he moved, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."—*Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

IF a man, while out on a pleasure drive, takes a road that leads him through low grounds, which are beautiful, to be sure, but which consist of forests and morasses filled with gadflies and mosquitos, that sting him and vex him almost beyond endurance, you say, "He won't go that road again." No, he won't, bodily. But a man may go down into life, and may drive through a morass of trouble, where gadflies and mosquitos of vexation come about him, and sting him, and torment him ; and won't he go that way again? The old, stupid fellow will whip his horse right down that same road the very next day.—*Morning Sermon, July 29, 1859.*

The old,
stupid
Fellow

Fellows
afraid
to say
their soul
is
their own

“HE opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are”—oh, who?—“the poor in spirit: theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek”—what! those spiritless fellows, with white faces, that go about afraid to say their soul is their own?—*Morning Sermon, February 19, 1860.*

Temporary
Ferriage

IT was not God's plan that the ark should be the refuge of the human race longer than until the deluge had passed away; but if Noah and his descendants had afterward built arks upon the hills and rocks, and attempted to crowd all the people and animals on the earth into them, their folly would not have been greater than is that of those who are attempting to crowd back the gathering forces of the nations into institutions, which were only designed to give them a temporary ferriage while the deluge of an immoral common sense should last.—*Thanksgiving Sermon, November 24, 1859.*

HOW many men are there of whom we hear those profoundest philosophers of human nature in these modern times, legislators of the lobby, say :

The
lobby

Gratitude
will
Fetch him

“Can A be had?”

“Easily, easily. One hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars will do for him.”

“Can B be had?”

“I think he can. He don’t want money, but he has got a son, or a son-in-law, who wants office; and I think that by a little dexterous movement he can be secured.”

“Can C be had?”

“C is a more difficult man to deal with; but I think that if a man goes to him, and tells him he shan’t go the way you wish him to, his conscience may be pushed through his obstinacy.”

“Can D be had?”

“Yes; I think there will be no trouble with D. He don’t think about these things. All you have to do is to see that you send the right man to him.”

“Can E be had?”

“E is a difficult case; but I think I

The
lobby
Gratitude
will
Fetch him

know how you can get him. Find a man who is his friend, and let that man go and make the request on the ground of friendship. Or let Judge Reed, to whom he is under great obligations, go to him, and gratitude will fetch him. He won't consent under any other conditions."

"Can F be had."

"Yes, F can be had ; but he requires to be in a royal mood when he is approached on the subject. He should be taken at the supper, when everything is genial, and he is at the height of his good nature. He cannot refuse then ; and when he says he will go, he will go."

Thus, when the devil fishes, he prepares his bait according to what he is going to catch.—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

Infernal
sprites
to Fiddle
for them

THE stomach of a gluttonous man may be likened to the old witches' cauldron of which we read, which had ingredients from the lower regions fermenting in it, and around which the witches danced,

having infernal sprites to fiddle for them.—
Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.

THERE was a man, in the town where I was born, who used to steal all his fire-wood. He would get up on cold nights, and go and take it from his neighbors' wood piles. A computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time, and worked harder, to get his fuel, than he would have been obliged to if he had earned it in an honest way, and at ordinary wages. And this thief was a type of thousands of men who work a great deal harder to please the devil than they would have to work to please God.—*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

Stealing
Fire-wood

YOU shall hear it said of an emotive man who preaches to his congregation in the lecture room, "That man is a revivalist. He is, no doubt, a popular preacher; but then, he don't understand anything deep or profound. He's got no theology." It is as if a man were to start

Fishing,
and
revival
preaching

Fishing,
and
revival
preaching

in January, with a four-horse cart, and go lumbering along the road on a fishing excursion. The stream is frozen over. He takes his line, and throws it out about once in a mile, with a dead bait, upon the frozen river, and, after waiting a suitable time, draws it back again. When he arrives at the end of the brook, he turns his horses round and goes home. And he is called a great fisher, although he never brought a fish home in all his life. Another man, who has no fishing apparatus, gets an old alder bush for a pole, an old twine string for a line, a common hook, and a grasshopper for a bait, and goes out ; and there is not a fish that don't know him. He has not been gone half an hour before his basket is full, and he returns well laden with fish. But the people say, " He's got no science. He catches fish, and that's all he does do."—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

The Flap
of whose
tongue

OH, commend me to that man who carries his dagger in his hand, and not in his mouth ! Commend me to that

man who only dips his dagger in poison which the apothecary can make, and who does not dip it in the infernal, rancorous poison which Satan brews! There are men that we have seen, the flap of whose tongue, not in a single instance merely, but in scores of instances, makes the difference between heaven on earth and hell on earth! —*Evening Sermon, January 29, 1860.*

THERE is nothing of which we have so much in these days as we have of patriotism! Men are patriots so long as there is anything to be made by being patriotic; so long as their country's fleece is within reach of their clipping.—*Evening Sermon, November 27, 1859.*

Their
country's
Fleece

“SALUTE Urbane, our helper in Christ, and Stachys my beloved. Salute Appelles, approved in Christ. Salute them which are of Aristobulus's household. Salute Herodion, my kinsman. Greet them that be of the household of Narcissus, which are in the Lord. Salute Tryphena, and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord. Salute the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord. Salute Rufus, chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine. Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, and the brethren which

Well,
who were
all these
Folks?

are with them. Salute Philologus and Julia, Ne-reus and his sister, and Olympas, and all the saints that are with them."

Well,
who were
all these
Folks?

Well, who were all these folks? That is the beginning of them and the end of them, so far as we know. You may look through the dictionary, and you will find this simple history of their life, that they are mentioned in the sixteenth chapter of Romans. Now, the reading of a catalogue of such names as these which I have read to you, is apt to excite a smile; not when one reads them quietly to himself; but the children always laugh when they hear them read, and especially when the minister gets up and reads them before the congregation. The uncouthness of them to our ears, and so long a list of them, with no more meaning attached to them than is attached to a mere bill of items, may excite a smile, an innocent, harmless smile; and yet, I presume I have read them a thousand times in my life; and I feel as though I could read this sixteenth chapter of Romans about as heartily as any chapter in the

Bible.—*Wednesday Evening Lecture, November 16, 1859.*

IF Solomon had been half as wise as it is pretended he was, he would have known better than to have started on such a fool's errand as that.—*Morning Sermon. March 11, 1850.*

Solomon
on a
Fool's
errand

IT matters not if men roll my name about in slanderous reports, as a boy would roll a foot-ball down a dirty street, so long as the cause of God succeeds.—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

As a boy
would roll
a
Foot-ball

NOT until men are made acquainted with the powers of their minds, will they be qualified to examine their motives with profit. And this can never be, so long as men accept only such systems of mental philosophy as that of Locke, and Reid, and Stewart, and the whole metaphysical school.

Phrenology
and
Foot-room

Phrenology
and
Foot-room

Phrenology, though I regard it as being in an unformed state, crude, only approximate to a science, at least affords a foundation upon which a man can put his foot, and wait for the waters of ignorance to subside. On this the dove can sit till the dry land of enlightenment appears. But the other systems do not afford foot-room for either man or bird.—*Evening Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

God won't
see
to the
Fore part
of the
store

NEITHER does this promise say that if a man shuts himself off from the world, and prays, and sings, and reads good books, and neglects his worldly business, God will make up to him all that he loses by such neglect. When a man opens a store on Broadway, God does not say to him, "Now, you have rented your building, and purchased your goods, and hired your clerks; and if you will go back into your counting-room, and spend your time in reading, and singing and praying, I will see to the fore part of the store."—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

FIRST find out what God has meant you to be—and if you cannot find it out yourself, your friends can very quick—and then enter that department of life for which you were intended.—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

Your
Friends
can

THERE is no man built large enough for imitation. The disciples of Titian, of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, of the Caracci, very soon ran out into mediocrity. There never has arisen a great man in literature, in the State, in the arts, whose imitators did not very soon fringe him with abundant littleness.—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

Fringed
him with
abundant
littleness

ALL through the conference meeting, those who speak are talking about how depraved they are in general, but never in particular. They do not recognize any application of practical ethics to commerce, any application of practical ethics to politics, or any application of practical ethics to social life. The man who has come in

Smooth
down the
Fur

Smooth
down the
Fur

to listen looks at one and another, and says, "I know that that man has been bathed in illicit pleasures ; that man did a thing at the late caucus that I would have burned my hand off sooner than I would have done, sinner as I am ; and that man would not have done one bit worse than I saw him do if he had broken open a bank ; and yet they come here, and pretend to confess their sins, and they do not seem to consider that these things are sinful. And such men are looked upon by the Church as Christians. If they are Christians, I would not give much for Christianity. But I will try them once more ; I will go and listen to what they call Christian preaching." So he attends church ; but throughout his discourse the minister never says anything but "pussy, pussy." He is all the while smoothing down the fur.—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Furiously
devotional

NO man has truly repented, and become a true Christian, except he has that within him which makes him a

well-wisher to every human being. It is the love of God that is implanted in his soul. If a man gets up and repents, and then goes home furiously devotional, but yet utterly selfish, he has not repented at all.—*Evening Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

HOW hard was it at first to bring the soil to such a state that you dared to think "plow!" And how hard is it for a man, at first, to bring himself into such a state that he dares to think "prayer!" How, when the plow was first put into the ground, it bounded out, striking stones, and throwing itself hither and thither, and the holder with it! And how, when a man cuts his first furrows of grace, he is slung about at the tail of the plow, hither and thither, and made to be a great deal more nimble than he wishes to be! Yet, after ten years have passed, look upon that same operation in the field. Now, as the man plows, he whistles, and sings, and watches the birds, and only now and then takes account of the furrow. The ox scarcely

Cuts
his first
Furrows
of grace

sweats. The turf goes over as if it loved to be turned, and the plow tucks it down as a mother tucks a coverlet round her child. Now it is very easy. Yes, it is very easy ; but it had to learn to be easy ! So it is with spiritual plowing.—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

The devil's
Furrows

I DO not like to see wrinkles. I think they are the devil's furrows on the brow, unless age has placed them there.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

I have seen
a
great deal of
Gambling

I N respect to the playing of cards, I do not think it is in all cases harmful. I can conceive of persons being in circumstances where it would not harm them. As for myself, I have not learned to tell one card from another, although I have seen a great deal of gambling on the Western rivers.—*Evening Sermon, November 20, 1859.*

God
never shoots
unless
there is
good Game

I T would seem extravagant to say that men love misery ; that they are addicted to tormenting themselves ; that they

love vexations to such a degree that it is needful that there should be set up the Divine command, "Fret not thyself in any-wise." But there is the command, and it is aimed at something; for God never shoots unless there is good game.—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

IT is a solemn thing to enter into wedlock; it is a solemn thing to open a gate through which shall troop myriads of little ones to the eternal world.—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

Gate

I CAN'T bear to hear things that I do hear about my own people. I can't bear to have persons come to me and say, "Is it true that such a man belongs to your congregation?" and to hear them say, when I hesitatingly admit that he does, "We have heard such and such things about him." I have heard the same things before, but I have not wanted to believe them; but when they come to me in this way, I can't help believing them, and I say to myself, "What

He
Gave it to
them,
didn't he?

He
Gave it to
them,
didn't he?

shall I do?" At first I think I will go to the man and talk with him; but, after a little reflection, I say to myself, "If I do, he will want to know who told me, and then, if I tell him, there will be a quarrel, and I shall be dragged into it as being a meddler." So I conclude to hold back. Pretty soon I hear the same things from another source. After that I see the man, and I feel as though if he should open his vest I should see a great cancer. I sometimes lie awake and weep, thinking about him; and I do a more foolish thing than that: I pray that I may preach thunder into his ears, and thus bring him to a realization of his true condition. And I do preach thunder to him; and when I get through, he goes out and says, "He gave it to them, didn't he?"—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Here
and
Georgia

THE more you make of the colored man, the more does slavery stink. I think a feeling against slavery has been driven into the hearts of this people, old and young, and into the hearts of Southern-

ers even (for there are in this church more or less Southerners every Sunday, and I preach to more of them here than I should if I were in Georgia, and I think I preach to them longer than I should if I were there), by having it brought before their minds in this practical way.—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

THERE is a kind of fungus which belongs to every vegetable that grows ; there is a kind of insect which belongs to every vegetable tribe ; and there is a kind of sin which belongs to almost every circumstance. There is a sin which belongs to public institutions. Men sit down and reason with themselves in this way : “ The cause of God requires the existence and prosperity of this institution ; it is called of God to occupy such a field ; the cause of God is identified with it ; it is necessary to the cause of God ; the interests of the Redeemer are bound up with it ; the cause of the Church is bound up with it.” They reason in this way till they begin

God
could not
Get along
without it

to feel as if God could not possibly get along without this institution.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Not able
to Get up
a prayer

THE mechanical element of prayer is one that sometimes introduces frigidity into it. A man that is very nervous and restless, and that is pressed for time, says, "I am social in my nature ; and for me to withdraw from others, and go away into a chamber, and lock the door, and kneel down, and feel in a hurry, and not be able to get up a prayer, is disagreeable.—*Wednesday Evening Lecture, December 28, 1859.*

Heads high
as a
Gibbet

MEN, you know, hold up their heads as high as a gibbet, when they are going to be humble.—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

Ginger-
bread books

I THINK that of all the trashy things in this world, the most trashy are a religion that don't do anything, and flowery sermons, and gingerbread books, that begin

in the mouth and end in the ear.—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

WHENEVER you see a man laugh, laugh with him; whenever you see a man glad, you be glad, too. The rocks could tell you that. If one of a joyous company, in some valley, beneath an overhanging cliff, breaks out into a merry, ringing laugh, all the rocks laugh back again.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

You
be Glad,
too

HOW many men that you might select from among a thousand of the most honest of your presidents, and cashiers, and directors, and bankers, and brokers, do you suppose, have such an inherent love of good because it is good, of right because it is right, that you would put this million of dollars into their hands, and say, "You can put it all in your pocket, or give it to those who really ought to have it!" How many men of those that are approximately honest would it be safe to trust in a case like this? How many men would make a

I'll
Go
for justice

bargain with their conscience, and say, "I'll go for justice ; I'll give them three quarters and pay myself one quarter.—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

Not to
give them
the Go-by

AND then, right after that, he says, "Bear ye one another's burdens ;" as much as to say, you are to take care of all men that have fallen, that have sinned. If they have lied, and are convicted of it, you are not on that account to give them the go-by ; if they have stolen, and are convicted of it, you are not on that account to give them the go-by.—*Evening Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

"God damn
you !"

IT is not when men say, "God damn you !" it is not when men use profanities ; though they are not less wicked than you think they are, and though they are direct affronts toward the majesty of Heaven : it is not when men do this that God is most offended.—*Morning Sermon, June 19, 1859.*

PEOPLE sometimes think that God can not get along without certain men ; and if they should die, they wonder what God would do.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Wonder
what God
would do

BUT let a minister, for nineteen sermons out of twenty, preach of abstract doctrines, that neither he nor God knows anything about, because they are not true, and the people would say, "Here is a man who knows how to lay down good, solid doctrines. He is a great preacher."—*Morning Sermon, April 25, 1859.*

Neither he
nor God
knows

GOD teaches us to be pitiful, to be gentle, to be condescending, to bow down and bring our greatness toward the earth, toward those that need it. That is the way in which God teaches us that manhood grows ; and Godhood grows in the same direction.—*Evening Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

God-hood
grows

God-light
is
healthy

WHEN a man fixes up his religion, and says, "I have got it so that man's independence is secured," it is as if a man should build a house, and fit it all up like a fashionable parlor, with windows, having inside blinds and outside blinds, roll-down curtains and roll-up curtains, so that ten suns, trying ten years, could not get in. I think the thought of our dependence upon God ought to make our hearts bound with gladness. This is one of the sweetest and most attractive things set forth in the Bible; and as every physician will tell you that sun-light is healthy, so I tell you that God-light is healthy, and that the soul is made stronger, every way, by the direct shining of the spirit of the ever-loving, ever-living God upon it.—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

Take hold
of
God's hand

IF when I rise in the morning I enthrone conscience and love, and take hold of God's hand by my thought, determined not to let it go, through all the hours of the day, and feel a willingness to bear all such

things as God's providence may put upon me, I can go forth to the discharge of manly duties with a smile which all the twelve hours shall not wipe from my face.
—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

IN the beginning of the world men formed gods and godlings by the ten thousand. Snakes, monkeys, and calves were gods; vegetables were gods; old sticks of timber were sawed up into long gods and short gods.—*Morning Sermon, February 27, 1859.*

Long Gods
and
short Gods

A MAN has fifty thousand dollars to invest. Where does he invest it? Does he take up land or stocks in a village that never hears the church bell ring? No; he says, "If I should go to such a place, my property would never increase; it would never pay any dividend; it would be a dead weight on my hands." A man wishes to invest his money where there are the most active men, and where there is the most moral influence. The place where there is the most true Christianity, is the

The
place where
property
Goes up

place where property goes up.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

Good nature
not to be
occasional

GOOD nature is not to be an occasional thing, which a man summons once in a while, as he does his doctor or his attorney.—*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Has Got
to
work for it

WHEN a man has sown Canada thistle-seed, it is too late for him to protest against what he has done. They must come up. He may eradicate them, but he has got to work for it if he does.—*Evening Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

Parasites
saying
Grandilo-
quent things
around
the throne

I RECOLLECT the time when I used to be told that heaven would be an everlasting Sabbath ; and if I had not been more afraid of hell than I was of heaven, I should have wished not to go to heaven. It was only second in rank among the places where I did not want to be ; for the idea of being compelled to recite the catechism, upon penalty and forfeiture ; of

sitting still in a universal singing-school ; of not being allowed to speak or laugh till the sun went down : such ideas as these led me to look with terror, almost, upon anything like an endless Sabbath of praise. The idea that I pictured of heaven is no more agreeable now than when I was young. But I have put away childish things. We are not to praise God as if we were so many parasites, so many courtiers, whose interest and duty it was to say grandiloquent things around the throne.—*Morning Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

TO the man who says, "God is such a great Being that He does not care for us poor mortals," I say, "You are such a great fool that you do not know what God is, even!"—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

Such a
Great
fool

LET a colored man do the work that Horace Greeley has done ; let a colored man become such a physician as Dr. Mott is ; let a colored man preach as

Horace
Greeley

Whitfield preached, and as Frederick Douglass is preaching, and what will be the result? In the presence of such a man, you will find that your prejudices go as the snows do in March and April. You cannot help it. Superiority in the top of the head will make its way everywhere.—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

The world
a
Grindstone
God
turns

THE world is a grindstone, and races are axes which are to get their cutting edges by being ground on it! The very object for which God thinks it worth while to turn and roll this round globe, is that by its very attrition and working men may be made men in every sense of the term.—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

I Guess
you'll know
how to
act

SUPPOSE a boy about six years of age were to come to you and say, "Father, what shall I do when I go to get married? What shall I say? How shall I arrange matters?" You look upon the child as a curiosity, and you say, "My dear boy, you are only six years old, and I guess you will

get wisdom enough by the time you are twenty-five, or twenty-one, to know how to act in such a case.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

DO not make your sins like an Egyptian mummy, with its dried bones and muscles wrapped up in gummed hideousness. Let your past sins be buried, and if you want to go to the graveyard once in a while to see where you have laid them, go, but don't bring anything home with you.—*Morning Sermon, April 3, 1859.*

Wrapped
in Gummed
hideousness

HOW many men that have been bored for forty-pound cannons, have been spoiled in the gun-range!—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

Spoiled
in the
Gun-range

BE careful of doing wrong to your employers, and be just as firm never to do any wrong for them as you are never to do any wrong against them. No matter if they wish a whip-lash, and wish to strike it out, never let them tie you to the handle,

Tie you
to the
Haudie

and strike out with you into iniquitous things.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Don't let
your anger
Hang on

WHEN in our carriage we find men doing things that offend our deepest sense of honor, in its very core and centre, God says: "Give it the bolt—blast it; but don't let your anger hang on. Don't let it be dripping, dripping, dripping all day long."—*Morning Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Hangers-on
play
mosquito
and steal
blood
for
a living

THEY join themselves to that great horde of men who are the hangers-on of society, men who play mosquito, and steal blood for a living.—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

The
Harnessed
man

IT is a glorious thing to the carnal nature to get out of the harness. But blessed is that man who is harnessed, who has got a load behind him, and who has to pull to move it, at least up hill.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

IT is a cruel kindness to leave a child's disposition unsubdued. One who has never learned how to obey, will be at fault all his life long. It is a vital attainment. Flax is no better than any weed, unless it be broken, hatched. Then it may be spun and woven; then it may be manufactured and worn.—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

Hatcheling
the
disposition

I NEVER like to see a man walk among his inferiors, stiff, and cold, and hard, hatted and gloved.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

Hatted
and
gloved

WE do not know precisely what our being will be in the future, though we know in general. I know in general what the Aurora Borealis is. If you press the question as to what it is, I say, "It is a bank of tremulous, up-mounting light, at the north." If you ask, "What is it made of?" you have me there.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

You
Have me
there

Health
and
the devil

I LAUGH when I read the old legends of St. Francis, and various other saints of various names, who, after they had violated every conceivable canon of health, for the sake of sanctity, were at last, as it was supposed, tempted of the devil in this way, and that way, and the other way. When they had violated bone, and muscle, and nerve, and brain, and body, they thought the fantasies, which were the natural results of such violations of natural laws, to be the devil; and I don't wonder.—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

Healthy
blood
vs.
Christianity

I HAVE seen a great many happy men—thanks to healthy blood; thanks to comfortable situations in life!—but I have seen a hundred men happy on account of natural conditions of prosperity, where I have seen one who could bear witness, “I am happy as a Christian.”—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

THE only way in which we can get permission to indulge in equivocations, and evasions, and deceptions, which we refuse to baptize lies, as they ought to be baptized, is by running our moral character down at the heel.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Down at
the
Heel

AND many more go on gathering darkness at every step, their feet treading more and more slippery and rough ways, till their character is gone. Their reputation soon follows ; with trustworthiness all trust ceases ; life becomes a system of dodging expedients ; vice becomes crime, and crime becomes destruction ; and before half their days are ended, the terrible drama is enacted and the curtain falls, and—Hell knows the rest.—*Evening Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

The
curtain falls,
and—
Hell knows
the rest

POOR thing ! she is dealing with a demon ! Spare her ? Save her ? The polished scoundrel betrayed her to abandon her, and walks the street to boast his hell-

I
thank God
there is a
Hell !

I
thank God
there is a
Hell!

ish deed! It becomes him as a reputation! Surely, society will crush him. They will smite the wolf, and seek out the bleeding lamb. Oh, my soul! believe it not! What sight is that? The drooping victim is worse used than the infernal destroyer! He is fondled, courted, passed from honor to honor! and she is crushed and mangled under the infuriate tramp of public indignation! On her mangled corpse they stand to put the laurels on her murderer's brow! When I see such things as these, I thank God that there is a judgment, and that there is a hell!—*Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

A roistering,
swearing
Hellian

SUPPOSE my heart swelled with a desire to enlist in the cause of human liberty. I say, "Oh! that the days of terror were come again, that I might consecrate myself, my energies, my zeal, my life even, to the bringing about of the reign of liberty. How I long to see re-enacted, and to participate in the scenes of Lafayette!" At length I hear that there is an

army of emancipation going down to Central America, to secure liberty to the oppressed in that region. "Thank heaven,"

A roistering,
swearing
Hellian

I say, "that an opportunity is afforded me at last; and God shall see how I will fight for the liberty of those poor creatures." So I go to the place where the army is located, for the purpose of enlisting in it. When I get there I say to myself, "Before I put my name down, I will get a little acquainted with my fellow-soldiers." I go into a tent, and the first man I encounter is drunk. I say to myself, "That man has worked himself in here, in some way, but he don't belong here, of course." I then inquire for the officer, and am directed to a certain tent. I go there, and find several men gambling, and swearing, and quarreling, and I say to myself, "I'm in the wrong tent; surely, these can't be the officers." Then I inquire for the Commander-in-chief himself, and on going where he is, I find him to be a man who epitomizes all the penitentiaries of the nation, a man on whom vices roost as birds on trees. The

A roistering,
swearing
Hellian

next man I meet is a roistering, swearing hellian ; and it seems as though the streams of time had run past and deposited all its mud. One of the miserable wretches cries out, "We'll give 'em liberty." What he means is that they will make slaves of the whole population. "We'll give 'em liberty;" that is, take possession of their farms, steal their money, upset their churches, trample under foot their laws, and bring them all into captivity. Such is the army of emancipation. If I was an honest man, do you suppose I would ever go in and sign my name as a member of it? If I did, might paralysis take possession of my arm, and shrink it from finger to shoulder.—
Morning Sermon, March 20, 1859.

Need not
advertise
in the
Herald

IT does not take a great while to read a book through if a man keeps at it. The history of the institutions of the country, its laws and polity ; the history of the principal nations of the world ; the history of the globe, its geography and natural productions, and some knowledge of the

arts, may be had by any and by every man. There is no excuse if you do not know these things. You need not go to college to know them. The books are published—somebody has got them. You need not advertise in the Herald asking for the man who will lend you an Encyclopædia.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

EVERY mechanic should make himself a respectable mathematician, and if he does not, after five or ten years of labor, become a better workman with the aid of books, it is a sign the man is below par. He may be a clever fellow, but he certainly lacks spring here [*tapping the head*].—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Lacks
spring
Here

NOW suppose in response to the trumpet of enlistment of a church, I go down to the camp for the purpose of joining its army, and on making inquiry as to the character of the men of which it is composed, I should find that one is a usu-

Sing psalms
in solo
from Here
to heaven

Sing psalms
in solo
from Here
to heaven

rer, that another is engaged in an illicit business, that another is a man of passions, the most violent and wicked, and that others are vain, and proud, and selfish, and worldly: suppose I should find that this church was composed of such men as these; that its members were just as bad as other men; that the only difference between those in it and those without its pale, was that the wickedness of those in it was defended by a good name, do you suppose I would join it? I would walk in a wilderness, and sing psalms in solo from here to heaven, before I would join such a church.—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

One likes
stimulants
there,
and another
Here

NOW there are thousands that derive intellectual pleasure from preaching. They like to hear the sound of the music, which shows that the parade is coming. By and by, in comes the preacher, and he develops his soldiers' ideas to their great admiration, and parades them through a long sermon. When he is done, the peo-

ple, as they go out, say, "Splendid parade, wasn't it? Fine ideas—fine ideas! Very well put." To whom were they put? There wasn't a musket that had a ball or any powder in it. Not a man dreamed of hitting anybody. It was a sham; all a sham. There was no fight. The sermon was all a mere exhibition of ideas, a mere marching of ideas. These men that love mere intellectual enjoyment, like to have a minister that excites their thoughts. They say, "I don't want to go to church where it is a good deal easier to sleep than to listen. I like a man that has got some life in him, and that stirs one up." To what? To go and pay that debt? "Not exactly; I like, after having heard a sermon, to know more than I did before. I have no objection to being made better; but I like the glow and enjoyment of a right good sermon"—as another man likes a stiff glass. He likes stimulants. One likes stimulants there One likes stimulants there, and another Here [*in the head*], and the other here [*in the stomach*].—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

If you are
going to
sin,
be Heroic

LET me say, then, to the young of my charge, you never can have too high an ideal as respects the Christian duty and Christian virtue of truth. If you are going to sin be heroic, and sin on the side of truth.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Hideous

OF all hideous things mummies are the most hideous; and of mummies, those are the most hideous that are running about the streets and talking!—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Carried
his own head
so High

ONE man ridicules his next-door neighbor on account of his pride; but he would not have known anything about that neighbor's pride if he had not carried his own head so high that he could look over the fence and see how proud he was.—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

It has got
to be
High times

“DISTRIBUTING to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.” This last is a clump of blossoms which signifies, in the first place, what you have

just done in your contribution for the aid of a sister church ; and in the second place, what you are going to do in the entertainment of strangers during the coming Anniversaries. It makes you smile, I see. It has got to be high times, when everybody laughs if a text is brought home in such a way that it really does seem to mean something. You have had the Gospel preached as though there were nothing in it so long, that when it is preached so that it appears to have a practical application to every-day life, people smile at the very fatness of it.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

THERE is a vague impression in the minds of men who long for property, that it may reward some rare stroke of skill, that it may turn up at one single more spadeful, just as deluded treasure-seekers, digging at midnight under a glimmering lantern, expect that each next spade-thrust will strike upon an iron chest or crash into an earthen pot full of coin. These men think there is such a thing as dexterity of

A Hit
in the nick
of time

management, by which wealth may be suddenly obtained, and they think that a hit in the nick of time will bring down a whole shower-bath of gold.—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Why,
they must
Hitch!

THERE is no institution evangelical or theological; there is not even a benevolent institution, nay, not even the Tract Society, which some men think indispensable to Heaven itself, that I think God could not get along better without than with, if you consider the way in which they have been conducted. Yet men begin by reasoning in this way: "This institution has the cause of God at heart; the cause of the Redeemer is bound up in it; the salvation of poor, perishing, immortal souls, is bound up in this institution. So men say, Oh! Oh! Oh! such an institution must not be disturbed; this institution must be sustained. And when, in the providence of God, it is brought to circumstances where men can not sustain it except by a little hitch in their morality, why,

they must hitch!—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

FREE colored people exist in every State in our Union, and are greatly increasing—particularly in those States in which laws are passed forbidding them to go there; for laws are like hoes that cut off the tops of weeds, making each root send out forty new shoots!—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

Laws like
Hoes

AND that which is true of gambling, is true of tampering with illicit pleasures, with this exception: that gambling works with slowness, while licentiousness works like a conflagration. The spark rarely smolders long. When a man has caught the infection, it is as if he were set on fire of hell. And do you suppose that in the beginning he proposed that to himself? If it had been hinted to him, he would have said, "Is thy servant a dog—a

Is
thy servant
a Hog!

hog!—that he would do this?" And yet he does it.—*Evening Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

Holy Ghost
not merely
No. 3

I BELIEVE there are whispers of God to the soul. I do not think the Holy Ghost is paraded in the Bible merely to make up the number three in the God-head.—*Morning Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

God
so busy,
like a boy
driving
a Hoop

IF men have been bitten by this infernal infidelity, if they have come to entertain this false idea, that God is so busy taking care of this world, like a boy driving a hoop through the street, who expects everybody to get out of his way: if men have come to suppose that God is thus busy, so that he cannot take care of the human beings he has created, let them get out of it as soon as possible.—*Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

Not yet
Hopped out

I THINK the largest buildings in this world, probably, that hold anything, are the Egyptian pyramids, which hold a

little king's dust. Next to them, I suppose, some of the largest houses are those which hold the dust of rich men who have not yet hopped out of them.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

A GREAT many people undertake to throw away the Bible because they cannot stand its revelations and truths. It is as if a man on shipboard, with a terrible fever breaking out among his men, should throw his medicine chest into the sea, without throwing the fever into the sea with it! What if an insurrection should take place in a hospital, and the patients should turn all the physicians and nurses out, and bar the doors against them?—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

An
insurrection
in a
Hospital

I THINK life is like a voyage. Suppose there should start out from your harbor a yacht, a schooner, a sloop, a hermaphrodite brig, a full-rigged brig, a barque, a ship and a man-of-war, all bound on one common voyage; now then, suppose the

To
every man
his own
Hull

To
every man
his own
Hull

yacht should look at the man-of-war as she moved down the bay, with all her canvas out, and say, "When can I get such sails upon me like that man-of-war?" which has three great noble masts on it. Any man would see that the yacht has no place for such sails. No; everything must make the voyage with its own hull and with its own sails. Now, God has given to every man his own hull, in which to make the voyage of life.—*Evening Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

Church
Hyenas

AND who does not know that around every church there are just such hyenas whose heads are like to become a fountain of tears at the transgressions of reputable Christians?—*Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

I
A
sermon-fed
child

I REMEMBER a poor colored man who, when I was a boy twelve years old, made a deeper impression on my mind of the goodness of God, than all the sermons to which I had ever listened; and if there was ever a sermon-fed child, I was one.

Nothing took so firm a hold upon my higher nature as did the influence of that consistent, praying, psalm-singing, rejoicing colored man, who taught me to work on the farm, and to know that there was something in religion.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

I BELIEVE in the doctrine of divine decrees ; but I do not believe it is a pair of steeds which a child can drive ; and if you harness them, and undertake to drive them, you will find yourself drawn so swiftly through the heavens that you will be glad to alight from your chariot. The doctrine of divine sovereignty, free agency, the nature of temptation, the cause of evil : these, and many others, are founded substantially in truth ; that is, truth belongs to each of them ; but not truth which you can so understand and employ as to make it profitable in daily life. From the time I was ten years old till after I was thirteen years old, the doctrine of God's foreknowledge was a perpetual torment to me. I reasoned in

I
do not
suppose
such
doctrines
meant for
daily use

I
do not
suppose
such
doctrines
meant for
daily use

this way: "If God knew everything from the beginning, he must have known when I would be born, what my nature would be, what circumstances would surround me, and what things I would do; and if what I shall do is fixed and settled, it is no use for me to try to do one way or another." This doctrine acted as a paralysis on my efforts toward right conduct. So long as I was under its influence, I had a very low experience—and I suppose that what was true of me, in this respect, is usually true of others; for I do not suppose that such doctrines are meant for daily use.—*Evening Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

I
He did not
do it
out of
compliment
to Christ

I WAS a child of teaching and prayer; I was reared in the household of faith; I knew the Catechism as it was taught; I was instructed in the Scriptures as they were expounded from the pulpit, and read by men; and yet, till after I was twenty-one years old, I groped without the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. I know not what the tablets of eternity have written

down, but I think that when I stand in Zion and before God, the brightest thing which I shall look back upon will be that blessed morning of May, when it pleased God to reveal to my wandering soul the idea that it was his nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them ; that he did not do it out of compliment to Christ, or to a law, or a plan of salvation, but from the fullness of his great heart ; that he was a Being not made mad by sin, but sorry ; that he was not furious with wrath toward the sinner, but pitied him—in short, that he felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong doing brought tears, who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain, with her yearning love, lift me out of trouble. And when I found that Jesus Christ had such a disposition, and that when his disciples did wrong, he drew them closer to him than he did before—that when pride, and jealousy, and rivalry, and all vulgar and worldly feelings rankled in their bosoms, he opened

I
He did not
do it
out of
compliment
to Christ

I
He did not
do it
out of
compliment
to Christ

his heart to them as a medicine to heal these infirmities ; when I found that it was Christ's nature to lift men out of weakness to strength, out of impurity to goodness, out of everything low and debasing to superiority, I felt that I had found a God. I shall never forget the feelings with which I walked forth that May morning. The golden pavements will never feel to my feet as then the grass felt to them.—*Morning Sermon, October 2, 1859.*

I
19 of them
were women,
and the
other was
nothing

I GO back, now, to my own ministry. I have got to begin to talk about myself as an old man, before long. I have been, thus far, talking as though I were young ; but I find that I am remembering back too far for that, when I go back to the time when I first became the pastor of a church. It was twenty years ago. I remember that the flock which I first gathered in the wilderness consisted of twenty persons. Nineteen of them were women, and the other was nothing.—*Wednesday Evening Lecture, November 16, 1859.*

I VERY well remember going back, after having arrived at years of manhood, to the school-house where I *did not* receive my early education. I measured the stones which, in my childhood, it seemed that a giant could not lift, and I could almost turn them over with my foot! I measured the trees which seemed to loom up to the sky, wondrously large, but they had shrunk, grown shorter, and outspread narrower. I looked into the old school-house, and how small the whittled benches and the dilapidated tables were, compared with my boyhood impression of them! I looked over the meadows across which my little toddling feet had passed. They had once seemed to me to be broad fields, but now but narrow ribbons, lying between the house and the water. I marveled at the apparent change which had taken place in these things, and thought what a child I must have been when they seemed to me to be things of great importance. The school-ma'am—oh! what a being I thought she was! and the school-master—how awe-

I
The
school-
ma'am

stricken I was in his presence! So looking and wistfully remembering, I said to myself, "Well, one bubble has broken." But when you shall stand above, and look back with celestial and clarified vision upon this world—this rickety old school-house earth—it will seem smaller to you than to me that old village school.—*Morning Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

I
The
school-
ma'am

TO those, therefore, who have no sort of objection to the profound sleep of the sanctuary, I must stand as an enigma. As for me, I have no sympathy with sleeping in the sanctuary, whether it be orthodox sleeping or heterodox sleeping.—*Evening Sermon, January 8, 1860.*

I
Orthodox
and
heterodox
sleeping

The clock
and
I

BUT I must desist. The clock gets through before I do every Sunday. I would that it were slower; for though I often begin sorrowfully and heavily, the time for me to stop never arrives that I do

not feel that I would fain continue till the going down of the sun.—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

I F at any time I have seemed to you or to others to run with undue severity upon men, or churches, or orders of men, or institutions, it has never been from any personal bitterness. I do not think I feel personal bitterness toward any man. Nor do I ever feel angry, except when I see one man injuring another. I confess that sometimes, when I see a strong man taking advantage of a weaker one, I do feel an indignation which has a little rancor in it; but I try to pray that down.—*Evening Sermon, January 8, 1860.*

I
try to pray
that down

I HAVE sometimes practiced rifle shooting, not at men, but at targets and trees—a very innocent recreation; and I have noticed one thing in connection with it, and that was, that the pleasure derived from it was oftentimes very nearly outweighed by the vexation caused by poor

I
Bullet
wouldn't go
for me
as it would
for other
people

shooting. When the mark seemed within easy reach, and others firing at it centred it at almost every shot, I fired out of range in a hundred ways. I fired wide, first on this side, then on that, then under and then over; and practice did not seem to make the matter much better. My eyes were too big, my hand was all tremulous, and the bullet wouldn't go for me as it would for other people.—*Evening Sermon, November 2, 1859.*

I
Bullet
wouldn't go
for me
as it would
for other
people

I NEVER get drunk myself; but when a man who is addicted to drunkenness rings at my door, and comes in, and says to me, "For God's sake, if there is any feeling in your heart for a poor creature, will you not pity me and help to save me?" it is not merely pity that fills my soul, but I ask myself, "Why did that man come to me?"—*Morning Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

I
never
get drunk
myself

NOW you cannot say that I have preached this sermon as a leader. I have got no collection to make, no money

I
have got no
collection
to make

to raise. I have preached it because you needed to hear it.—*Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

I WAS going to speak of swearing among women. The only reason why I will not is that I do not wish the young people to know that such a thing ever took place. I have written something upon this subject, which I shall withhold, but I will show it to those who wish to see it, if they will call upon me.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

I
Swearing
among
women

ICEBERGS do not know that they are being melted at the top and at the bottom; but they are when the summer takes hold of them, and the Gulf Stream flows beneath them. Churches that think they are not changed, are not as thick of ice at the top or the bottom as they used to be, but there is yet ice at the heart.—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Icebergs
and
churches

SOME men are, of nature, or of long experience, a second nature, excessively cautious. To act without calculation they never can. Nor can they believe that others do. Therefore, a mistake of mere heedlessness in a neighbor is a design, a deceit ; he meant something ; something more than lies on the face of it. “ I’ll watch him ” sively cautious. To act without calculation they never can. Nor can they believe that others do. Therefore, a mistake of mere heedlessness in a neighbor is a design, a deceit ; he meant something ; something more than lies on the face of it. “ I’ll watch him ; I’ll suspect him ; I’ll find him out ; he shan’t circumvent me ! ” — *Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

Infidelly I SAY that we are bringing our children up vulgarly, and infidelly, when we teach them to associate God with the Bible, with churches, and with other things that are counted sacred in the world, and do not teach them to associate Him with the works of nature. I think it is much easier to think of the rugged mountain, the brilliant stars, and the effulgent sun, as speaking of God, than to think of dumb churches as speaking of Him — *Morning Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

AND so as playing for nothing is a very insipid process, men soon get to playing, not for money, but for the drink, for some little token, for nuts, for the supper, or something of the sort. They play for small amounts, just enough to keep their hand nerved, just enough to keep an object before their mind, just enough to have the devil inoculate them with a passion for gambling; and the moment they have once got the virus in them, then it is no longer at their option how far they shall go. Suppose a man should go to his physician, and say to him: "Be kind enough to inoculate me with the small-pox, so that I shall have the small-pox a little!" Suppose a man should ask to be inoculated with the plague, so that he might have just a taste of the plague.—
Evening Sermon, March 4, 1860.

Just enough
to have the
devil
Inoculate
them

I LOOK at the life and disposition of these men who cry for the lullaby of love in the family, in the store, in all departments of their life, and I find that they

Sunday
the
Insurance
day

Sunday
the
Insurance
day

abhor love except on Sunday when I preach on that doctrine of God's moral government. But if I were to go to them at their places of business, and say, "I understand that you take advantage of the circumstances of your workmen, and employ them at one-quarter of what they ought to have, so that they can scarcely subsist on what you pay them: and as you wanted me to preach about love, I thought I would come and tell you what the doctrine of love is as applied to matters of this kind," they would say, "Religion is religion, and business is business. Go home, and when I want you to come to my shop and preach to me, I will let you know." In other words, they want sermon love, poetic love, theoretic love, love that makes them feel good during the insurance day; for Sunday is the insurance day of the week!—*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Investments
in the
lower way
of living

NINE hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand, and oftentimes one more, have such investments in the lower

way of living that they feel not only rebuked but angry, when by a higher view you humble their attainments and stain their conceit of excellence.—*Morning Sermon, November 17, 1859.*

MEN may talk as much as they please against the Calvinists, and Puritans, and Presbyterians; but you will find that when they want to make an investment they have no objection to Calvinism, or Puritanism, or Presbyterianism. They know that where these systems prevail, where the doctrine of man's obligation to God and men is taught and practiced, there their capital may be safely invested.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

The doctrine
for
Investments

MEN whose life is yet hot with indignation at the oppression which they suffered in their own land, when they come to America are marked, above all others, for arrogance and cruelty to those that are put under them. There is not another nation in this world that has said so much,

The Irish

and said it so eloquently, against dynastic oppressions, as the Irish, and if there is a nation that is meaner than any other in their treatment of their inferiors, it is the Irish. It is their shame. I am sorry that it is so, for the Irish have too many noble traits to be disfigured by this hateful one.—
Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.

Has got
It
in him

IF, when you are sent on little mean-
nesses, you trot quickly, men will
mark you, and say, "He is fit for it." But
if when men attempt to put upon you this
miserable business, and find you stiff in
opposition, they will mark you then also,
and say, "Is that pretence, or is it real?"
and then they will try you again in two or
three ways ; and by and by they will begin
to say, "I don't know but the boy has got
it in him ; I have heard about a conscience."
—*Evening Sermon, May 18, 1859.*

Sold
from
under
the skirts

NAY, all this is nothing. There are
men who carry on a trade in litera-
ture and of art which must make Belial

blush. Books that poison the imagination and unsettle the moral principles of men are multitudinous, and forever multiplying ; subterranean libraries hawked in secret, sold from under the skirts, clandestinely read ; books that, like vermin, hide from sight by day, in cracks and crevices, and creep out in darkness and at night to suck the very blood of virtue. And this is a business ; to write them, to print them, to bind them, to sell them and to hawk and dispense them. There are whole classes of men, and of women—God have mercy on the world !—who live by it, who have their ambitions in it, and who stand, by the relative degrees of corruption, higher or lower than each other. The whole scale of virtue is turned bottom side up, and the things that are down on the scale of God, are up on the scale of wicked men. They glory in their shame ! Nay, pictures even worse than these abound. No tongue could speak their abominations. Human language has not formed any words that can follow the palette of the painters of

Jackal
engravers

Jackal
engravers

the school of Belial, or the burins of their jackal engravers. And thousands are engaged in this systematic corruption, and take delight in their work. There are exporters, and importers, and wholesale dealers, and retail dealers, and colporteurs, diffusing them everywhere. And God permits all this organized corruption to exist. I will not trace it further, although I have not exhausted, by a great way, this terrible witch-caldron of earth and time.—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

Nothing
but a
Jack-knife

A MAN may be a millionaire, and yet be so miserable as to groan all day and curse all night. A man may have all the outside things which the world affords, and yet not be a happy man. One man may have a chest full of excellent tools, and be a bungling workman ; while another man may have nothing but a jack-knife, and be a skillful workman.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

HAD we judged the case without the enlightening influence of God's word, we should have said that Jacob was the wicked man, and not Esau.—*Evening Sermon, January 29, 1860.*

Jacob,
and not
Esau

BUILD yourselves up first, and then your property. There are many men who build up their fortune first, and build themselves in it, so that when the roof is on they are in their own jail, and cannot get out.—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

In their own
Jail

IF a man asks, "Do you suppose that a virgin can be a mother?" my reply is this: The New Testament tells us that the Savior was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of a woman. The event was so far removed from the ordinary processes of natural law, that I have no difficulty in believing that it occurred as it is described, by the power of God. Shall I believe that He who ordained, from the beginning of the world, that we should

Push
aside
the ordinary
Janitor

Push
aside
the ordinary
Janitor

spring into life from the life and body of another, could not control that wonderful arrangement, so that His Son should be born of a woman? The marvel to me is, that men are ever born of man and woman at all ; that God ordained such a gate from the other life into this. I can never enough wonder at that profound and sacred mystery where two lives, quickened into union by the rapture of unspeakable love, flash forth the spark of another being. It seems to me, in view of the perpetuated marvel of the beginnings of human life, a very little thing to suppose that God could make a special use of these powers. And when the myriad wombs that, since the dawn of time, have issued the human race, have received the power to do it from the living remembrance and inspiration of God's mind, shall I stagger to believe that in a single instance he could control that organization to his own divine and beneficent purposes? May not He who created the very door of human life push aside the ordinary janitor, and, with his own hands, unlatch its por-

tals, and let his Son come through?—*Evening Sermon, October 2, 1859.*

HOW many men have been ruined by self-examination! And yet, tracts and books are published, and sermons are preached, and exhortations are made, without number, urging men to self-examination, as if fantasy must run into folly. Men are set to write journals. I know who invented that trick. The devil invented it! It is a device of his to tempt men.—*Evening Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

The devil
invented
Journals

WHEN a man has certain traits which constitute the leading features of his character, we call those traits his disposition. Thus, there are some men that live in their thoughts. They are dry everywhere except in their intellect; but there they are juicy.—*Morning Sermon, August 7, 1859.*

Juicy
in their
intellect

I THINK that many persons are like many houses which we see. If you go into the front hall, you find it very

What a
Jumbled
up
mess!

What a
Jumbled
up
mess !

nice ; if you go into the show-parlor, you find everything in order there ; and if you go into the sitting-room, you find nothing out of the way there. But if, unluckily, you open a cupboard door, what a jumbled up mess do you behold ! Many people have, in their Christian character, a nice front hall, a fine parlor, and a clean sitting-room. — *Evening Sermon, January 22, 1860.*

\$200,000

All the
angels,
and an
impartial
Jury

SUPPOSE a man, in a moment of anger, were to give two hundred thousand dollars to a religious society—I won't call any names—leaving his wife and children destitute ; suppose that wife were to notify the managers of the society of the facts of the case, explaining to them that her husband wrote two wills, and that through inadvertence, as she believed, he had signed the wrong one ; and suppose, notwithstanding these circumstances, these managers were to claim that God had put this money into their hands, to be expended for religious purposes, and that therefore it was

their duty to retain it, do you believe, that though all the angels in heaven should testify that these men were guided in their course by Christian principles, an impartial jury could be found who would believe it? —*Morning Sermon, March 21, 1859.*

IN teaching your children, you have to invent little parables, simple stories; you have to go into their play-houses, and make use of the things you find there, likening them to the things you wish to teach. You have to do just what God did in the formation of the Book of Revelation. You are obliged to imagine conditions in the sphere of the child's playthings, his cakes, his tops, his books, his carriages, his knife, or his other trinkets, that shall interpret to him, by his own knowledge, the things you wish to instil into his mind.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

Just what
God did

THE moment that a man loses his independence, so that before he utters a truth he must be sure that it will not

Kick
back, and
hurt
him

kick back and hurt him, he is gone.—
Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.

Kicks
 you
 into the
 bosom
 of God's
 Providence

I AM frequently visited by persons whose consciences are troubled with cases of this kind ; perhaps they come to me saying : “ I am an only son and my mother is a widow ; I have just got into a large establishment where my employer tells me I must take cognizance of such and such things, which my conscience tells me are wrong. He says : ‘ I must do it or quit.’ Now, sir, what shall I do ? Shall I sacrifice all my prospects in life and give up my situation ; or will not the Lord wink at it, since it is my employer’s business, and I am working under duress ? ” If I understand the words of Jesus Christ, he says it is better to lose your life than to do wrong. Christ has said to you, Forfeit your right hand : but here, instead of that, it is only your place. Suppose the merchant kicks you out, where does he kick you to ? Into the bosom of God’s providence ! You think of this man who promises to let you sleep

under the counter, to draw your \$400 the first year, and \$500 the next; and you think it is worth while to look after him; while He who sits on the throne of the universe, and promises you an eternity of life, is not to be regarded! No, I say; go out of any establishment that insists on your being a wicked man, quicker than a shot; go out of it and keep out of it; unless when you made the bargain and he bought your services, he bought yourself too. In that case I have nothing to say: I don't preach to slaves.—*Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Kicks
you
into the
bosom
of God's
Providence

WHERE the Christian faith has been brought home to the understanding and conscience and affections of men, where it has entered into men's practical lives, there have been seen the best farms, the best ships, the best mines, the best manufactories, the best schools, the best books, the best clothes, the best food: for religion runs clear down to the

Religion
runs
clear down
to the
Kitchen

kitchen!—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

If you
Knock,
you will
not get in

WHEN you come to the gate of heaven, you may be sure, if you knock, and say, "Lord, Lord, open unto me," that you will not get in. A man that is fit to go in, always goes up without dreaming that God will not let him in. He expects to find the gate open.—*Morning Sermon, February 8, 1860.*

You'll
Know
it

MOST men treat those mercies as I have seen persons treat flowers that I had given them. They took them with an indifferent "Thank you," but seemed to regard them as so many mere leaves, or as some miserable, worthless things, and presently commenced picking them to pieces; and by the time they had taken twenty steps the walk was strewn with fragments of them, and I looked after them and said, "If you get another gift from me, you will know it."—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

AND that whole owl set of men, that raven, black-winged-prophet set, that sit on the dry branches of nature, and croak about this miserable world and this miserable life, belong outside of the line of Christianity. Not only are they not disciples of Christ, but they are not knowledgeable men even in the elements of Christianity.---*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Knowledge-
able
men

THERE are men who think they understand the system of the universe. They have got up early, and found out all about God. They will bring their book, and tell you exactly how he was made, what his decrees are, and what his purposes are ; and if you do not believe what they say, they will damn you—they will swing around the scythe of their zeal, and cut you in pieces. They know all about heaven and earth. They have their fences built and their lines drawn in regard to all these matters. They do not know so much about love—that is only a morality ; they do not know so much about patience—that,

A man
who
Knows
more than
God does

A man
who
Knows
more than
God does

too, is a moral affair ; they do not know so much about gentleness—that belongs to sentimental piety ; they do not know so much about long-suffering—any moralist can tell you about that. But about the everlasting truths of this universe ; about truths that radiate from the heart of the universal God ; about the truths that endless ages shall not reveal, and that we shall not be able to understand till we have outgrown these mortal parts and experiences ; about these, they are not only conceitedly positive, but despotic. Deliver me from a man who knows more than God does.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

The
testament
in
Labor

THE experiences of love are such sometimes, even in this life, as to be an earnest, a blessed interpretation, of something more glorious yet to come. There is one thing which the New Testament is always in labor with, and which is never born, and that is the conception of the greatness of the love of Christ to our souls.—*Morning Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

GOD has laid in material for this affection abundantly ; and the mother is not more admirably formed to nourish the infant body by her own, than to nourish its heart by her heart. Its soul feeds at her heart, as much as its body at her bosom, and with this difference, that the child is never weaned from its soul-breast.—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

God has
Laid in
material

IT has been supposed that all of God's likening himself to man in the Bible, is on account of our weakness ; and that accordingly, it is to be interpreted as giving us some proximate idea of what God is, but not as giving us the real truth. Well, what's the use of proximate truth that is not a bit like the real truth, I should like to know ? If a man wishes to unite two ends of a rope, and they will come together within half an inch, but won't come any nearer, it would be no worse if they did not come within half a mile of each other. So long as they won't come together and lap, it makes no difference how much they lack

Won't come
together
and Lap

of meeting.—*Morning Sermon, February 27, 1859.*

God's glory
and human
Laziness

ALL that religious indolence which we sometimes see in formal religious men, and sometimes in churches, and that affected fear of taking God's work out of his hands, is a delusion and a snare. I sympathize with those men who fear that the name of God may become unreverenced, and who desire to add to the declarative glory of God ; but not with those men who suppose that God's glory is augmented by human laziness under any pious name whatever.—*Morning Sermon, September 25, 1859.*

You are
empty
because
you
Leak
all over

MAN is, as it were, a cask of wine. The figure would have been allowable in the days of Christ, more allowable, perhaps, than it is in our temperance days ! A worm gnaws through a stave. It is a small worm, not half so large as a knitting-needle. The moment he comes to the wine he draws out his head—for worms are not as fond of wine as men are !—and a drop

follows him, only a drop. Another worm, on the other side of the cask, gnaws through another stave. He gets a drop, and draws back. On each end there are a dozen or twenty other worms eating their way to the wine. Not one of them is as big as a mite ; but fifty or sixty of them together, if each makes a hole only large enough to allow a drop to pass through it, are sufficient to cause the waste of all the precious contents of the cask. After the lapse of a day, a week, a month, or six months, the vintner goes to see his treasure ; and behold, the cask sounds as empty as a hypocrite's heart ! There is not a drop in it. And yet, it looks like a cask of wine. Where have the contents gone ? Not one pint has been surreptitiously drawn by the servant that gets blamed, or by the thief that the vintner accuses without knowing who he is. The wine has all leaked out at holes not large enough to admit of the discharge of more than one drop at a time. Now, ten million little meannesses, ten million selfishnesses, ten million pettishnesses,

You are
empty
because
you
Leak
all over

ten million waspish dispositions, pierce and puncture the heart, and all its graces are drawn out. You are empty because you leak all over!—*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Thou honest
Legal
thief!

OH, thou honest legal thief! God writes thee down a fitter tenant of the jail than yonder culprit! The unwhipped crimes of men undetected, are often worse than the crimes that officers make known and punish.—*Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

Legerde-
main
and
logic

TRUTHS are to be measured by this test—can you reduce them to life and practice? A man may, by apparently the most sound process of reasoning, draw forth seemingly wonderful truths, and he may appear to demonstrate them clearly, while yet there is nothing of them. There has not been so much legerdemain in all the magicians from Pharaoh's day to our own, as there is in logic. Logic is proved to be the only unlying thing we have, and

still, it lies like a witch, incessantly.—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

THERE are some men who teach, and many who understand, that religion is a sudden, an instantaneous, distinctive experience of moral power, a kind of healthful, divine sun-stroke. They seem to have an idea respecting religion which I can liken to nothing except the imagination the ancients had respecting lightning, which represented Jupiter as having a store of bolts all about him, so that when he wished to strike anything, with power, he had but to select a bolt, and hurl it down upon the oak, the building, or the impious man, as the case might be. So these men seem to suppose that God has about him a store of bolts in the shape of blessings; that when the proper time comes he puts his eye upon an elect soul, and takes one of these bolts, and lets it fly at that soul; that the moment the bolt has struck, the man is deluged with religion; and that from that in-

Takes
one, and
Lets it
fly

stant he is pervaded with the Holy Spirit.
Morning Sermon, May 29, 1859.

Limber-
backed

IF we have once come to the habit of feeling vigorous and intense disapprobation of things evil, we shall be in but little danger of being drawn astray by them. But no man can come into such a habit, who is limber-backed in his dislikes.—*Morning Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

A
Limited
hint of
grace

THERE is a very limited hint in nature of the provisions of grace. There is a very limited idea of atonement and of regeneration in nature. A broken bone will grow together again. There is in nature, in certain stages, and up to certain points, a kind of provision for restoration from mischiefs; but beyond that there is no provision at all. Let a man take a teaspoonful of prussic acid, and then let him get back to his former state if he can.—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

ALL around about you are men whom you despise and call shiftless—empty bags, who never will stand up although you fill them ever so many times. Don't you suppose it is a misfortune for a man to be born limpsy; don't you suppose it is unfortunate for a man to be so built that his thoughts cannot touch each other, and cannot form a concatenation? Shiftlessness is one of the greatest misfortunes.—*Evening Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

THERE are many persons who seem to think that when a man becomes a Christian he is bound to quote pious texts continually; but nothing can be more detestable in the sight of God. Above all things avoid that loathsome lubricity of pious talk. When you hear men mouthing a great deal about religion, and talking a great deal about their motives, you may be sure that those men are wicked, or else appearances are very deceptive.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Locked
himself
out

THE two views are these: one says that God built the world as a house, and that he is master of the house; and the other says that he built the world as a house, and then locked himself out.—*Evening Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

The
devil
Longer-
headed
than you

I THINK no man ever cheated the devil, and I think no man ever will. I have no doubt that the devil overreaches himself and cheats himself; but in any transaction between you and him, he is longer-headed than you are.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

It's his
own
Look-out

YOU have no right to be unconcerned whether men act rightly or wrongly—whether they are good or bad. That spirit which says, "I will take care of my own self, and let other men take care of themselves," is of the devil. The spirit of God is this: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of another." That spirit which says of a man's conduct, "Oh, it's his own look-

out, not mine," is unchristian. It is his own look-out ; but it is yours, too !—*Morning Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

I THINK it is one of the hardest things in the world to say, I love you. I don't know why. A man who could look a woman in the face and say, I love you, without shrinking, ought to shrink. Love is like the ringing of bells ; they sound sweetly while they are chiming ; but after all it is hard work to ring them. And I ^{do} marvel at the deep, manly and tender love which Christ poured out upon his disciples. They found in him united both father and mother.—*Morning Sermon, January 2, 1859.*

I Love
you

TWO things make the one universal law. Love and serve God, is the one part : the other is, Love and serve man ; and the latter is just as important for this world as the former is for the next world. As trees and crops run out upon soils that are deficient in the chemical in-

High
growing
and
Low-hoeing

High
growing
and
Low-hoeing

gredients required for their growth, so will any national growth be spongy and full of blights that does not draw up into itself the most religious regard for human rights, and the most sacred humanity toward the weak and helpless in human societies. It is taking care of the top that has made nations weak. We must take care of the root, and then the top will take care of itself. And it is this that we ought to learn from the New Testament, if anything: that the secret of high growing is low-hoeing, and that working at the root is the shortest road to the blossom.—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

Lunge
toward
things
outward

IT is a bad thing for a man to think too much about himself, to talk too much about himself, or to examine himself too much. The less he indulges in these things the better he is off. Let a man have a sense of duty, and take a right direction in life, and then sweep and lunge toward things outward as much as possible.—*Evening Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

WHAT would you think of an earthly father who was so perfect that his children could not possibly have anything in common with him ; who was so perfect that he was above their infantile sports ; who was too wise to talk of their infantile follies ; who felt too deeply to have sympathy with their little feelings ; and who had no connection with their incipient life, and rude, imperfect ways ? Would such a character be admirable in a father ? He might as well be carved out of marble ; or he might as well be Maelzel's automaton, and with turned crank, or wound-up spring, work out all the duties he owes to his family !—*Evening Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

He might
as well be
Maelzel's
automaton

GOD says, "Let parents train up their children." Infidel wisdom says, "Let the public train them up for them ; let them be gathered in some common building ; let nurses be hired to impart nourishment to them ; let masters be sought to instruct them. What a thought—to

A town
Magazine
of children

A town
Magazine
of children

break up the nests of parental love ; to snatch from the mother her half-weaned child ; to bear this weeping wretch to the town magazine of children, to be rubbed, and washed, and fed, and whipped, at so much a head by cheap hirelings, to be loved by dollars and cents' worth, to be taught religion and virtue at so much apiece ! Every step of the plan is horribly unnatural. It begins by breaking up marriage, and turning men out as beasts roam, without mate. It proposes to collect the offspring of this system with even less care than a farmer would gather his lambs or calves.—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

Practices
a Manly
reserve

WHEN the cradle of the young mother is first pressed by an infant child, and she bends over it not even trying to conceal her gladness, and the father, scarcely less pleased, at a few paces, practices, as he thinks, a manly reserve, what thoughts flow through both their minds !—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

NOW we laugh—but we ought not to—
 at the poor Catholic who says his *Ave Maria* a certain number of times a day, and has his string of beads, and runs them over at each time, repeating a little prayer at every bead he touches ; but what shall we say of that beadless kind of praying which we so often hear in Orthodox prayer-meetings ! A man comes home at night from his store, where he has had twenty-five or thirty men on the jump all day, and says, “I’ve done a splendid business to-day. My sales have amounted to about twenty-five thousand dollars ;” as much as to say, “I’m the man ; I’m a merchant who understands how to carry on business as it should be carried on.” He has just time to take his supper before it is time for meeting, and as soon as his meal is over he orders up his team and goes to the lecture-room. He has but just taken his seat when the minister says to him, “Brother, will you pray ?” He is taken right in the point of unexpectation ; but up he rises, and says, “Lord, I am a great

Slip out of
 him
 like Marbles
 out of a
 tumbler

sinner." Yes, he is ; he never would pray under such circumstances unless he was.

Slip out of
him
like Marbles
out of a
tumbler

The man has been so perverted by Christian shams ; the man has run into these serried insincerities to such an extent and his throat is so lubricated by them, that these phrases slip out of him like marbles out of a tumbler.—*Morning Sermon, April 3, 1857.*

READING and writing are relative.

As to
that
Matter,
I might

The want of these things is disgraceful ; but in and of themselves they are good for nothing. If they were good for anything in and of themselves, a man that could read and write a strange language would be as well off as a man that could read and write in his own tongue. If reading were good for anything in and of itself, I might as well read for you in Hebrew—and as to that matter, I might for a great many of you!—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

THERE are many men so greedy that they feel what their neighbors make that they might have made is taken away from them ; and that they have lost all that they do not get of what they meant to get. Their eyes grow large, their imagination becomes fevered, and they mean to rush over the course and scoop up wealth by the armful ; but they lose their judgment and accuracy before they know it, and stumble, and measure their whole length in the dust, on the ground.—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Measure
their
whole length

ITHINK love grows between husband and wife by expression of affection. I know there is a stately dignity in vogue. Husband and wife sit over against each other like those great statues of Memnon in Egypt ; then they are vast, stony, and hard.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

Husband
and wife

Statues
of Memnon

ARE there no savage beasts in the menagerie of your soul, which, if they should break away from the restraints

The
Menagerie
of your
soul

The
Menagerie
of your
soul

that bind them, would pounce upon and lacerate whatever came in their way? Have you never experienced the feeling of hatred? Have there never been lurid moments in which revenges sprang like fires of hell from your soul? Have there never been moments when you thought you knew how sweet murder might be?—*Morning Sermon, January 1, 1860.*

Mercies
are
Merchandise

MANY men treat God very much as we treat men with whom we do business. Many men seem to think that the mercies we continually enjoy are merchandise, and that God sits in heaven to dispense them; and they go to him day after day and take them, without once feeling that they are absolute gifts for which they ought to be thankful.—*Wednesday Evening Lecture, December 28, 1859.*

Nothing
so
Merchant-
able

WHEN the qualities which religion ought to inspire are found in a man, that man's fortune is made; that man is settled in life. Nothing is so mer-

chantable or desirable as those qualities.—
Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.

AGES are like family groups: they had better mind their own business, and not mind that of others; therefore it is an impertinence for one age to discuss those great principles which belong to another.—
Evening Sermon, June 5, 1859.

Better
Mind
their
own
business

VANITY is that delusive, that insectiferous, that multiplied feeling, and men that fight vanities are like men that fight midges and butterflies. It is easier to chase them than to hit them. They come back like flies in summer, which, though smitten fifty times, say, "Oh, never mind; I take no offense."—*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

"O, never
Mind"

BUT miracles are the midwives of young moral truths. They are necessary when these truths are children in men's understandings, but not when they have grown up. In the beginnings of the world,

Miracles
are
midwives

Miracles
are
Midwives

before the moral sense became developed, it was useful to act upon the moral sense through the instrumentality of miracles. But as men's moral sense grows, and becomes capable of appreciating moral evidence, miracles cease ; as the nurse in the household is dispensed with when the child is grown so as to be able to take care of itself.—*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

Hit or Miss,
and oftener
Miss

SO it is among men. Their first efforts at goodness are very crooked and shallow, like a man's furrow in a newly plowed piece of ground : hit or miss, and oftener miss.—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

Wouldn't
Miss
much

THE life of some men is so much in the heart that if you were to cut off their heads they wouldn't miss much ; and the life of others is so much in the head that you could almost take out their heart and they wouldn't miss much.—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

THERE are to-day, sailing under the flag of pirates, men whose original elements of disposition were as good as mine or yours. There are plowing the deep, to-day, missionary pirates, who bring heathen from Africa that they may be converted, whose original dispositions were as good as that of any minister that preaches the Gospel to them!—*Morning Sermon, January 1, 1860.*

Missionary
pirates

ISAY that a person may so tell the truth as to tell a lie at the same time; as when a man, offering to sell a mocking-bird, and being asked whether it would sing, replied, "Oh! it will delight thee to hear it sing," on the strength of which reply it was purchased. There is no question but that the man who purchased it would have been exceedingly delighted to hear it sing, but he never did—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Selling
a
Mocking-
bird

THERE is your charter; and I want to know what business any man has, under that charter, to be a moping, melan-

A Moping
Christian

choly, whining, complaining Christian?—
Evening Sermon, October 9, 1859.

Mother
 Rice
 That would
 shut him
 up

I WOULD give more for one poor woman, whose poverty makes her laugh and sing; who is contented with her humble lot; who bears her burdens with cheerfulness; who is patient when troubles come upon her; who loves every one; and who, with a kind and genial spirit, goes about doing good, than for all the dissertations on the doctrines of Christianity that could be written, as a means of preventing infidelity. I have seen one such woman, who was worth more than the whole church to which she belonged, and the minister put together; and I was the minister, and my church was the church! She lived over a cooper-shop. The floor of her apartment was so rude and open that you could sit there and see what the men were doing below. She had a sort of fiend for a husband, a rough, brutal shipmaster. She was universally called "Mother Rice." She literally night and day went about doing

good. I do not suppose all the ministers in the town where she lived carried consolation to so many hearts as she did. If a person was sick or dying, the people in the neighborhood did not think of sending for any one else half so soon as for Mother Rice. I tell you, there was not much chance for an infidel to make headway there. If I wanted to convince a man of the reality of Christianity, I said nothing about historic evidence: I said, "Don't you believe Mother Rice is a Christian?" and that would shut him up!—*Morning Sermon, August 7, 1859.*

Mother
Rice

That would
shut him
up

WHEN Christ went anywhere, there were the old righteous Pharisees watching him and criticising what he did; when Christ went anywhere, there were the mousing, sneaking Pharisees seeing if they couldn't get something to publish in the papers; when Christ went anywhere, there were the boastful Christians who had to tell how good they were, and what they had done; when Christ went anywhere, all

Mousing,
sneaking
Pharisees

the poor fallen creatures in the neighborhood remembered all the good they had learned, and, sobbing, said, "I know I am a sinner, and he knows it ; and if anybody will give me a chance, it is he. I will go to him."—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

Wait
till the
Mud
is dry

IN the collisions of men pushed on by pleasure, or ambition, or avarice, there is a constant play and counter-play of petty provocations, petty tales, mean deceptions, ungrateful supplantings, repaying fairness with foulness, honor with dishonesty. Now a noble mind rids himself of these wrongs as he does his garments of spattered mud. He lets them alone while fresh, since brushing would only spread them. He waits till they dry, and then cleanses himself of them all, and lets the dirt fall back to the dirt.—*Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

Preaching
like
children
making
Mud huts

IN respect to a man's preaching the truth, I do not object to his preaching so that his sermon shall roll like a band of

music, or so that his serried ranks of ideas shall march like lancers. The thing is that his preaching shall, with or without pleasure, with or without elegance, build up manhood, and make men doers of things that are right, and high, and noble. All other preaching is specious and contemptible. I can compare two-thirds of the preaching of the present day to nothing but children making sand houses and mud huts, who, after they have worked and scraped the dirt together, and got them formed, sweep them over with their hand, and go away.—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

Preaching
like
children
making
Mud huts

THERE are many men who coin every drop of manly blood in them to get money; and when they have got it, they are miserable desiccated mummies, only needing the cerements on them to make them complete!—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Mummies

Mummy

IF a man has come to that state in which he says, "I do not want to know any more, or do any more, or be any more," he is in a state in which he ought to be changed into a mummy!—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

The Bible
and
Murray's
Guide-Book

THE Bible is not, itself, and never was, meant to be an object of reverence, as if it were an idol or a god. It is simply a guide-book. Would you know whether it tells the truth? Follow its directions and see! What if a man should take Murray's Guide-Book of Italy, and, on his way thither, should read accounts of all its magnificent structures—the temples, the museums, the mausoleums, and of all the renowned statues and pictures which are stored in that great repository of ancient and modern art; and what if, while sitting in his carriage reading, he should commence a criticism and judgment of the things described in the Guide-Book, before he had seen one of them! He goes to no temple; he visits no museum; he beholds

no gallery ; he stands before none of those great pictures which Raphael, in his gentle inspiration, depicted ; he looks upon none of those sublime paintings which Michael Angelo left ; none of those which Leonardo da Vinci, or Correggio, or Titian, or Paul Veronese left ; none of all those many left by that band of noble men. And nobler men than these old painters, or men that spoke better truths, in spite of all their lies of superstition, never lived. He has no knowledge of all these things, except that which he gets from Murray's Guide-Book. He sees not pictures, but descriptions of pictures ; not statues, but accounts of statues ; not temples, but a history of temples and porticos, and yet he pronounces sentence ; praises, condemns, admires, or rejects without personal knowledge of any of all these things ! Foolish as this would be, it is wisdom itself, compared with the treatment given to the Bible. The truth of the Word of God is to be found outside of the Bible, not inside of it.—*Evening Sermon, October 2, 1859.*

The Bible
and
Murray's
Guide-Book

Men are
harps,
not
Music-boxes

MEN are not music-boxes, which, when wound up, carry their own players inside of them ; but they are harps, which must be touched from without. Each man's heart, therefore, must be touched by other men. We are to touch other men's hearts. Other men's hearts are belfries, and there we must ring out all our chimes.—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

God
the best
Music-
teacher

IT is a great thing to be able to sing while you work. God gives songs in the night. God is the best music-teacher.—*Morning Sermon, September 25, 1859.*

Covering
Nakedness

WE love to trace our ancestry to early houses and families in England. We love to trace it to Huguenot or Hebrew blood. Neither is this vain or foolish. It may become so through abuse, but it is not so of necessity. It is right. A man may take something from the loom of the past to cover the nakedness of the present with. *Morning Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

THE strongest evidence I can think of against there being a devil, is that there is no need of one. Men do works of evil in such abundance that there would seem to be nothing left for a devil to do! These things have been permitted from the beginning of the world to our day, and by a Being who is said to be too good to let an evil spirit live! But when I look at the facts, this namby-pamby talk about the impossibility of God's creating a principle of evil, is simply contemptible to me. A man who has not nerve, and brawn, and bone enough to look at things as they are, and admit them, I do not know what business such a man has to live!—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

No devil
Namby-
pamby
talk

SHARP men, like sharp needles, break easy if they do pierce quick. There is not a fallacy more universal than that which teaches that wickedness is the way of success in this world. I aver that God puts more temper in a man's soul than man ever put in or the Devil ever put in. I

Men
and
Needles

should be ashamed to ask a man to be a Christian from motives drawn from the exchequer.—*Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Going
through
a Nettle-
hedge

TO be in perfect health, one must be in such a condition that he does not know that there is anything of him. Now suppose a man is sound in every organ, but that in the morning he goes through a nettle-hedge, what effect does it have upon him? Why, although he is in good health, although his lungs are right, and his heart is right, and his nerves are right, and every other part of his body is right, yet, all day long he is chafed, and fretted, and irritated, just because in the morning he went through that nettle-hedge. Well, care is to the mind what nettles are to the body.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

Troubled
with
Neuralgia

A MAN goes to his physician, and he says to him, "I have, sir, very great suffering; I have very sharp pains that shoot through my left breast; I have very acute pains in my spine; and my head

seems to me to have abandoned all its uses." The physician then begins to interrogate him, and says to him, "What has been your course of life?" The man is ashamed to tell; so he says, "Well, sir, I have been exposed to dampness in various ways, and my impression is that I am troubled with neuralgia." The physician proceeds to prescribe for him, on the supposition that his difficulty is neuralgia; but as he gets no better, but a good deal worse, he says to himself, "I do not believe my physician understands my case. I do not believe the medicine he is giving me is going to do me any good." The reason why is, that he is such a fool as not to tell the truth, and I think there is no greater fool than a liar. At length he goes to another physician, and says, "Can you do me any good?" This physician knows so much that he don't know anything; and after putting a few pompous questions to the man, concerning his case, he says, "Yes, I can cure you;" and accordingly gives him a few remedies. But they afford

Troubled
with
Neuralgia

Troubled
with
Neuralgia

him no relief. After a few weeks, he says to himself, "I do not believe this physician understands my case, either; and by-and-by, after suffering nights and suffering days, for a long time, and when his strength becomes much reduced, and there is a prospect of a speedy termination of all his earthly hopes and expectations, he says to himself, "What a fool I am for lying, and hiding the real cause of my difficulty." He now goes to his physician again, and says, "Can you give me an interview?" The physician says he can. "Can you," says the man, "give me an interview so private that nobody will know that I have been near you?" "Oh, yes," says the physician, "I can; I have a place on purpose for such cases." So he goes with the physician, and hangs down his head—he ought to have hung it down before—and says, "This is my history;" and then he takes a walk through hell, and explains the cause of his disease, which he had so long been concealing. The physician says, "Why did you not tell me of this before? Since you

have given this explanation, your difficulty is perfectly plain to me. It is very late, but I think I know now just where to put the javelin of remedy. Now I will undertake your case, and I think I can cure you." The man says, as he goes away, "I feel a great deal better now. The physician says he knows what ails me, and I may get well yet." It is a world of relief to him that he has told the physician all he knows about his difficulty.—*Morning Sermon, May 1, 1857.*

THERE are just such spiritual farmers.

One is running after new promises, another after a new faith, and another after new solutions of miracles. One man has got a new doctrine, another man has got some new idea of ecclesiasticism and church organization, and another man has got some new way of putting this or that religious truth. There is nothing so exciting to them as these perpetual newnesses. They see their old farms left untilled, with more burdocks, and thistles, and weeds, growing

Perpetual
Newnesses

on every acre of them, than any wain, thrice loaded, could carry off! Their time and attention are absorbed by religious schemes and speculations. Poor, miserable, thriftless spiritual husbandry is this.—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

A
Nimrod
minister

THERE are in the Church what may be called heresy-hunters. They always carry a rifle, a spiritual rifle, under their arm. You will find them forever outlying, watching for heresy, not so much in their own hearts, not so much in their own church, not so much in their own ministers, but in other people's hearts, and other people's churches, and other people's ministers. If any man happens to hold an opinion respecting any doctrine which does not accord with their own peculiar views, they all spread abroad to run him down. They are taking care of, and defending, the faith! They are searching for foxes, and wolves, and bears, that they suppose are laying waste God's husbandry! They never do anything except fire at other

folks and other things. I have no doubt that Nimrod was a very good fellow, in his own poor, miserable way; but a Nimrod minister is the meanest of all sorts of hunters!—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

A MAN goes out West and succeeds, and is, perhaps, sent to Washington as a representative: no great rise, but still, something!—*Morning Sermon, December 11, 1859.*

No great
rise

IF you worship Christ you employ your powers easily and naturally. If you worship the Father there will be no special injury done to the feelings of the conferternal Godhead.—*Morning Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

No
special
injury

THERE are but seven colors in nature, though there are thirty in the human soul; and the moral color of a thing depends very much upon the faculty before which you bring it to judgment. In bringing a case into court a man looks anxiously

Men have
such
Notions
now-a-days

Men have
such
Notions
now-a-days

whether this or that judge is sitting this term, and into which court he shall bring his case. "If Judge so and so is on the bench, I will get it," he says; "but if it is Judge so and so, I think the chances are against me." Of course, all our judges are good men, and all our courts are equitable in every way; there used to be such things as bribed judges, and packed juries, but this was in historic times, in the classic days of ancient Rome or Greece. But men have such notions now-a-days, for reasons best known to themselves, they think it makes a great deal of difference, if they wish to obtain the title to a piece of property for instance, what judge is to determine the law, and by whom the charge to the jury is to be made.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Novels
contain
better
Gospel
than many
pulpits

EVEN novels are becoming preachers; and better preachers than are many pulpits. For the novels of the last fifteen or twenty years contain a better Gospel than the pulpits, if you include the pulpits

of the Greek Church, of the Roman Church, of formal Protestantism, and of the warring sects. A dead Gospel is a hideous heresy. — *Thanksgiving Sermon, November 24, 1859.*

THEY are always saying, "If I had only known." They are like the farmer who, having lost his crop from want of diligence in the Spring, went to harrowing and hoeing in November, to regain what he had lost, but who, failing in the attempt, said, "Oh, if I had only done right in the Spring!" It is enough that you made a fool of yourself in the Spring. Because you made a fool of yourself in the Spring, is no reason why you should make a fool of yourself again in the Autumn.—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

Hoeing
in
November

THAT, from his nature, he should be a nursing God, a sympathizing God, so that it may be said literally that he feels what you feel, sorrows with your sorrow, and joys with your joy : that God should be

A Nursing
God

such a Being, and do these things, is calculated, I think, to fill the heart with joy, and the imagination with astonishment.—*Morning Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

Spelt
with one
O

I THANK God for the Roman Catholic religion. What! thank God for the Roman Catholic religion, with its popes, and cardinals, and councils, and with its doctrine of transubstantiation, and all its other doctrines and theories? I don't thank God for the theology of the Roman Catholic system; but I thank God that there are such men as Fenelon, such men as Pascal, such men as Bossuet, such men as More (spelt with one o—one Thomas More; not Tom Moore, of vulgar notoriety); I thank God for a Church which, though it may have been depraved in many respects, did continue, through the grace of God, to bring up men that have made the world rich, and will make it rich to the end of time.—*Morning Sermon, January 30, 1859.*

THERE are a great many men that indulge in wrong doing on week days, who go to church regularly on Sunday, because they have a vague impression that God will offset one against the other. They say, when Sunday morning comes, "I have been bad all the week ; worse than some men, perhaps, but better than others ; no worse than the average, and now it is Sunday, and I must go to church ;" and when Sunday night comes, they say, "I have been to church all day, and sat on the hard seat, and performed religious service, and it seems to me that all this ought to be rather an atonement for the sins I committed during the week ; at any rate, I have been doing what I am told I ought to do." There is this impression, I say, among men, that they can substitute religious service for duty.—*Evening Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

God
will
Offset

NOW if a man brings his thoughts and feelings into higher Christian experience, when he takes them out his piety

Keep
supplied
with the
Oil of grace

Keep
supplied
with the
Oil of grace

is all radiant ; but no sooner is it brought in contact with the world than its radiancy is lost. Therefore there is no figure in the Bible that I am aware of which compares the Christian to a coal of fire, or glowing iron. He is always compared to a torch, or to a lamp that will never burn low if you keep it supplied with oil. We are, as Christians, to keep ourselves supplied with the oil of grace.—*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Made
On purpose

EVERY tuft of grass that you tread beneath your feet, God made on purpose, as much as any painter ever made on purpose a line for hair or face on canvas.—*Morning Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

Opium
and the
Bible

THE idea of expatriating a million free men is preposterous ! Let a man take opium, and then talk these things, and we will not wonder ; but when a man takes the Bible, and then talks them, we are amazed.—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

AND I will add that, whether it be from its superior nervous sensibility or not, a blow on the head, at any period of life, goes quicker to the temper, and irritates more, than on any other portion of the body. It is not a right of family government, but an outrage and an abomination, to strike a child anywhere on the head. Providence has made other arrangements for family government!—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

Other
arrange-
ments

I THINK it would not be difficult to point out many churches, to which belong good Christians, that would be shocked by nothing more than to have a stranger, or any other person, who had the power of God resting on him, who had large imagination, and was touched in his experiences, get up in one of their social meetings, unasked by minister or deacon or officer, and pour out his emotions, overflowing, perhaps, the king's English with his feelings.—*Morning Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

Overflowing
the king's
English

Overlays

THERE is a kind of moderation that is in the mind what perfect health is in the organs of the body. And there is a kind of greediness that overlays success. If a bird should seek to hasten forward its young by putting its eggs in an oven, they might be roasted, but they would not be hatched any sooner.—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

“The world
Owes us
a living”

THERE are some men who seem to be continued in life to serve as beacons of warning, rather than guiding lights, to those around them. It would be difficult to tell what a great many men who are in communities live for, or what they do ; and among these you will generally find those who say, “The world owes us a living.” The world owes them a living for what ? For being paupers in it ; for being drudges ; for being moths that consume, instead of productive insects that multiply, as bees do, the stock.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

WHEN God wanted sponges and oysters, he made them, and put one on a rock, and the other in the mud. When he made man, he did not make him to be a sponge or an oyster ; he made him with feet, and hands, and head, and heart, and vital blood, and a place to use them, and said to him, " Go ! work !" — *Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

When
God wanted
Sponges
and
Oysters

I SHOULD think, by the way in which some men describe the character of God and his works, that he had created a splendid package of laws, and that he was continually saying to man, " Take care ; do not go there ; you will spoil my machine. Be careful ; do not get in the way of my purposes. I have a decree yonder ; if you go there it will destroy you. I cannot sacrifice my machine for the sake of you men." Some would seem to think that men were good in their place, but that God had better things than they. They would seem to think that God has great purposes, so that he cannot stop to take care of man.

Carrying
God's
Packages
and letters to
eternity

The most abominable infidelity is this. As though God's world was nothing but a grand express train, carrying his packages and letters to eternity, and he said to men, "You can ride, but I cannot look after you. I will carry you along, but you have got to look out for yourselves."—*Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

A new set
of
Papers

AFTER a man has once commenced life, he cannot go back and start again. He cannot rid himself of his responsibilities, and take an entirely new set of papers, and begin anew.—*Morning Sermon, October 2, 1859.*

The
Parade-
ground of
revivals

NOW, there are many who enlist on the parade-ground of revivals, with the expectation that when they come out they will be happy, and feel good all their life.—*Morning Sermon, July 3, 1859.*

The
Partnership
law of
New York

IT makes no difference whether you are acting by yourself or in your party, you will be judged by yourself. For all

your connivances with others God will bring you to a personal account. You will find that the partnership law of New York does not hold good out of the State of New York.—*Evening Sermon, January 22, 1860.*

IF a man is built so that he has certain powerful instincts, and he attempts to kill them, or “crucify” them—the word is Scriptural, but the idea it conveys is heathenish ; for that is not the idea of the teacher who used it—if he sets to work, with all his energies, to ferret out those parts of his nature which are necessary to his life, it is not possible that he should be free from doubts and troubles and difficulties, with reference to his religious welfare. Our appetites and passions are all of them to be controlled, used, sanctified—not killed.—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

Passions
to be
sanctified,
not crucified

WHEN a man gets to reasoning about things which happened twenty or thirty thousand years past, he is on a large pasture-ground, and can run without danger

On a large
Pasture-
ground

of interference.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

Paul might
have made a
mistake in
buying that
cloak

TO those who shrink from the idea that the Apostles made any mistake, I reply, the Apostles made no mistake in those truths which they were inspired to teach ; but in respect to other things outside of that, they were not guaranteed to make no mistakes. That which God meant them to do, they did without mistake ; but Paul might have made a mistake in buying that cloak which he says he left at some place.—*Evening Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

Chirping
"Peace"

THEREFORE, in our own land, I hail and rejoice in these very intestine commotions, over which men are crying, "Peace, peace, peace!" As crickets and mice cry "Peace," when the farmer is turning up their nests with his plow, so we have crickets, and mice, and grasshoppers, and all manner of insects chirping "Peace," while God plows his land ! But I say, "Even so, Lord God Almighty, plow and

thunder on!"—*Thanksgiving Sermon, November 24, 1859.*

THERE are some persons that love apples, who cannot bear to eat them with the peel on; and there are a great many Christians that love to engage in religious devotions who cannot bear to go to a prayer meeting.—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

Prayer-meetings and apples with the Peel on

IF the child at an early period exhibits signs of dawning intelligence, and projects itself beyond the present, the parents recognize that circumstance as a natural consequence of its normal development. This intelligence comes on more and more as the age of the child advances, and the boy begins to think about, and long for, that state in which he shall be a bigger boy. We smile at this, but it is the unfolding of that which ends in immortality and glory. The child does not wish to always be a child, and wear short clothes; but it looks forward with eagerness to a time

Perambulate in pantaloons

when it expects to be a boy, and perambulate the streets in pantaloons.—*Morning Sermon, October 30, 1859.*

Prayers worn
smooth

Perfunctory
service

THERE is such a thing as sleepy, lazy praying. And I do not refer alone to the long prayer in church, or to the pre-composed liturgical forms of prayer employed by particular classes of Christians. Oftentimes men's prayers, if I may so say, get worn smooth, and their mind slips off from the words without taking their meaning. You will find eminent men in the Episcopal and Catholic Churches—such men as Fenelon—complaining that there are times when it is impossible for them to use their service books, because their mind will not take hold of the words, and the service becomes perfunctory. And oftentimes those whose prayers are extemporaneous have their forms, as really as those who pray from books. There are many persons who oftentimes wake up in the midst of their prayers, and find that they have been saying over sentences without

having any sense of their meaning.—
Wednesday Evening Lecture, December 28,
 1860.

“LET your communication be, Yea,
 yea; Nay, nay.” Let it be sim-
 ply, Yes, it is; or, No, it is not. There
 are no gradations between them. It is a
 perpendicular Yes, or a perpendicular No
 —one or the other. The special applica-
 tion of the passage, to be sure, was to pro-
 fanity, but it is just as applicable to truth-
 speech as to oath-speech. We have no
 right to grade either way.—*Morning Ser-
 mon, June 26, 1859.*

A
 Perpendicu-
 lar Yes or a
 Perpendicu-
 lar No

A FRENCH philosopher professed to
 comprise our whole being in three
 things. The first was occupation, the second
 was occupation, and the third was occupa-
 tion! And there was a great deal of wis-
 dom in that, more than we expect to find in
 a philosopher, for that word usually means
 to imply a singular man who don't know
 anything.—*Evening Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

A
 Philosopher

Conscience
and
Pianos

SOME men keep their goodness as people do their pianos. They have them shut up, most of the time, at one side of the parlor ; and when they have looked after the affairs of the kitchen, and taken their meals, and waited upon their company, and attended to all their other duties, then, for relaxation, they open them, and play a few tunes upon them. Some men keep their conscience shut up a good part of the time, and once in awhile, for a change, they open it, and play upon it. They find it a little out of tune, but they do not mind that.—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Fruits
for God to
Pick

WE are all of us merely developing spirit in matter or out of matter. We are gaining that victory which God means the immortal shall gain over the mortal, the transient, the perishing. We are producing from these roots, these stems—our bodies—blossoms and fruits which God shall be willing to pick, that he may show them again in another life.—*Morning Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

THERE is not a little, piddling justice's court in the whole nation that is not subject to the authority of our highest courts. The highest court governs all the lower courts, clear down to the bottom of our judicial system. And God has made the human soul so that its highest faculty shall govern all the faculties below it, clear down to the bottom.—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Not a little
Piddling
justice's
court

WHEN a man comes to have this itch for gold, this insanity of rolling over and increasing wealth, there are no bounds to his desire to accumulate. Though he were to roll his pile as fast as the globe rolls, he would not be satisfied.—*Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

Roll his
Pile

I THINK that men in this world are like a pismire running up on one of the pyramids of Egypt, going to take a prospect. The little insect creeps, and creeps, and creeps, a whole day, and only gets up a very short distance compared

A
Pismire on
one of the
pyramids

A
Pismire on
one of the
pyramids

with the whole height of the structure, and he is so surrounded by bits of stones, and other objects which adhere to its side, that he cannot see anything. So he creeps on and on, and he may, perhaps, in the course of a week, get half way up to the top, if the wind does not happen to blow him off, and no other accident befalls him ; and then he cannot see anything, for he finds himself behind a crevice, or in a crack. Now he creeps and creeps again in another direction ; and how long do you suppose it will take him to get so high that he can look over all the world ; and when he does, what is an ant's judgment about the world good for ?—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

Takes you
by the
shoulders
and
Pitches
you on the
bed

HOW many do we now see among us who are dragging themselves along through life, reaping the inevitable consequences of an overtaxed body, because they esteem business and profits above health and comfort. They say, " I would fain stop, but I can see no place to stop." By-and-by, when disease takes you by the

shoulders and pitches you on the bed, I think you will find a place to stop! When the undertaker comes along you will find a place to stop!—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

GOD will not judge offices, but he will judge men that hold the offices. It makes no difference what permissions are allowed in any office which you may hold, you are bound to find out what is right—and that you can do in this age of Bible privileges—and square your conduct by it. No wrong thing is covered up by the plaster of an office.—*Evening Sermon, January 22, 1860.*

The
Plaster
of
an office

ABOVE all things, do not go near those places that are called Haunts of Pleasure. They are the houses of pleasure on the outside, and the houses of damnation on the inside! No man can begin to visit them with any sort of presumption that he will do other than end in rottenness and perdition! When a man is sequestered,

Pleasure
and
damnation

night after night, away from ordinary influences and restraints, and where there is glitter, and stimulant, and novelty, and temptation, he cannot but be contaminated. —*Evening Sermon, November 20, 1859.*

Plump up to
Peter

THEN there are the pedigree farmers, not unknown among men in natural husbandry. They have got the very poorest fruit to be found in the whole neighborhood, bearing the highest sounding names. They have got the most marvelous pears, the most wonderful apples, the most extraordinary strawberries. They give the most astonishing names to the most meagre, miserable fruit. But then, it has such high-sounding titles! There are these same men whose herds are about the poorest, the scrawnier, and the weakest in the whole country round about them; but they have a pedigree that takes them back, every one of them, to Noah's Ark! Their oxen are lean, their cows are milkless, but they are proud of them nevertheless, they have such a noble pedigree! They are uncurried,

unfatted, and unfatable, to be sure ; but ah, what a line of blood did they spring from ! Did you never see just such husbandmen in the Church ?—men who had no greater morality, or piety, or spiritual experience, but who went back through a long pedigree, one going plump up to Peter, and another plump up to Paul, and others plump up to the prophets themselves !—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

I SAY that that idea of manhood which makes one man high because he is pocket-full, and another man low because he is pocket-empty, is heathenish, and unworthy of men who have lived any length of time within sight of a Bible.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Pocket-full
and
Pocket-
empty

A MAN who would not help a fellow-creature flying for his liberty, must be either a villain or a politician.—*Evening Sermon, October 30, 1859.*

A villain
or a
Politician

The
disciples
were such
Poor fellows

THERE is not a fact which I am so glad about, as that the disciples were such poor fellows as they were. You all know that we need a God who can love a sinner—a real sinner—a man who is such a sinner that the great waves of mercy break upon him as the waves of ocean break against the rocks of the coast ; a man whose veins pulse with the fever of vice, who feels the thunder-clap of hate ; a man who sins morning and night. What ! can God love such a man ? The universal heart is saying : can God love a man away down where I am ? Why don't you go to some good Orthodox church, and listen to some staid man ? is said to the disconsolate searcher for truth. How dare you go to these Theodore Parkers and Chapins ! How dare you Christians have to do with these fishermen ?—*Morning Sermon, January 2, 1859.*

Pulling
papers out
of God's
Portfolio

ASTRONOMY never said to a man,
“ The sun is the centre of the solar
system, and your earth revolves around it

in a certain fixed orbit." Chemistry never said to anybody, "You are walking upon an earth composed of minute atoms of matter." We found them out. We had to find them out, or not know them. They were in God's book, in his portfolio, which he spread out before us, and from which we pulled out the papers ourselves.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

PEOPLE should be hungry with the eye and the ear, as well as the mouth. When all a man's necessities of life are those which go in at the portholes of the stomach, it is a bad sign.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

The
Portholes
of the
stomach

NATURAL laws are like our post-offices, only they never advertise. If any man has a letter there, he can get it by asking.—*Evening Sermon, March 18, 1860.*

Natural laws
and
Post-offices

Good to
make
the Pot
boil

WORK your troubles up! If a man fills my house with thorns, I will not go about saying, "What a distressed state of things is this!" They are good to make the pot boil, if for nothing else.—*Morning Sermon, January 18, 1860.*

Writing
sermons
instead of
Preaching

I HAVE in my mind a former acquaintance—a clergyman—who met with great success so long as he gave up his life to his pursuit with a large, free, generous feeling; but he wished to be a father of the Church, and to be eminent for prudence, and for a way of looking at things in the light of judgment and reason. So he went to writing sermons, instead of preaching them; and the result is, that he has come to be very much like what a wasp's nest is in the last days of Autumn—an empty, patched-up house of mud, on the dry side of a rafter.—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

IN poisoning your worldly prosperity, you have been able to maintain yourself; and do you suppose that when you conform to the laws of nature and providence, and to God's moral law, you will find it harder to maintain yourself? In other words, has God put a premium on the road to hell?—*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

Premium
on the
road to
hell

IT is supposed that physicians have a prescriptive right to lie to their patients. Now, do you suppose that it is necessary for a physician to damn his own soul in order to save his patient's body?—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

A
Prescriptive
right
to lie

PAUL says, "For in nothing am I behind the very chiefest Apostles, though I am nothing." That was putting the other Apostles down pretty low; but still, it shows the spirit of the man.—*Morning Sermon, April 3, 1859.*

Pretty
low

You will
have to give
me up again
Pretty quick

WHEN a man is in debt, with but three cents in his pocket, and he sees the constable coming, how the poor wretch sneaks and skulks about to keep out of the officer's way! But suppose a man who is in debt, and who has been dodging between prison and officer for weeks and months, should be told, "An estate has been left you, and now you have only to draw and you are sovereign of half a million of dollars!" He hastens to New York, without even stopping to change his clothes, to ascertain the truth of this unexpected piece of intelligence. The moment he finds that he has not been misinformed, he is a new man. Now he does not dread those whom he has dreaded so long. He walks up to the officer and says, "I am not afraid of you any more." He faces his creditors and says, "Get out of my way, I am a different man from what I have been. You can take me if you please, but you will have to give me up again pretty quick."—*Morning Sermon, October 2, 1859.*

WHAT will you do about these facts? You can jump over them; but in order to do that you have got to jump over the globe; and a man must be hard pressed to take such prodigious logical springs!—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

Prodigious
logical
springs

GOD says, "I will give you, if you ask, myself and all that I have, and make you my heirs;" and when a man is an heir of God, there is a good property coming to him.—*Evening Sermon, October 9, 1859.*

A good
Property

PROPHECIES, as I understand them, are things of the vaguest and most general character possible. They are what music is to an army while marching. When Napoleon was going over the Alps, and his soldiers had become nearly exhausted with dragging the heavy artillery after them, he ordered his band to sound a charge, and the moment the soldiers heard that charge, they were indued with double

Prophecies
like
music to an
army

strength, and they pitched up the heights with comparative ease.—*Morning Sermon, April 3, 1859.*

Proud
as
the devil

HERE is a man with a family, who is a perfect tyrant at home. He says, "I am master of this house," and he makes his servants, his children, and, if he can, his wife, run at his bidding. Everybody in that house knows that he has the inflexible will of a man who expects to make all those with whom he has anything to do submit to him. He is a prominent Christian, a deacon, a class-leader, or something of that sort. When he goes out he takes his hat and makes it all smooth, and takes care that his other clothing shall give him as much an appearance of meekness as possible; and he puts a mild look on his face; and as he walks along he bows softly to everybody; and he makes himself obsequious wherever he goes, and that is what he calls being humble; but he is as proud as the devil in his heart.—*Morning Sermon, April 3, 1859.*

I HAVE noticed that God's providence is on the side of clear heads.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

Providence
with
clear heads

SOME men go through life as steamers do through the sea, beating every wave with their paddles and bows, determined to domineer over wind and storm. But it must be a well-built man that can put his prow into life, and go in a straight line to the point at which he aims, by means of his own sheer sagacity and strength. — *Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Can
put his
Prov
into life

SOME persons seem to think that a child is like a farm, and cannot be pulverised too much ; and so they plow it, and harrow it, and cross it, and turn it up and down as it does not like to be turned. — *Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

Pulverised
children

IT is a pity to see a great dwelling in which everything appears to dwarf the occupant—in which the occupant is the

Only the
Punctuation
of their
wealth

least circumstance. I have seen men that were only the punctuation of their wealth.
—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

A want of
Push

CONTENTMENT does not consist in a want of push.—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

Whatever
God
Put through
them

I SUPPOSE the prophets spoke as speaking trumpets, whatever God put through them.—*Morning Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

More than
all the rest
Put
together

REALLY, so far as we have any record on the subject, Paul did more than all the rest of the apostles put together.—*Morning Sermon, April 3, 1859.*

Old
Put

DO you not know that old Putnam need not have dashed down that rocky precipice, on horseback, with swords and carbines after him? He need not have crept into the cave where the wolf was, lighting himself with the wolf's eyes while he snapped his gun at his head. He might

have sat at home, and avoided risking his life in this manner; but would he then have been Old Put? Why was it that every man had so much confidence in his valor? It was because peril was sweeter to him than security, and whenever there was a danger to be met, he was the first to meet it. His daring exploits taught men to regard him as a stalwart old yeoman, fit to lead where men were to be led. But,

He that fights and runs away,
Shall live to *run* another day.

—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

IT is not to be wondered at that we have such imperfect views of God, when we remember how we come by them; that we derived them from catechisms and creeds, and confessions of faith, which were rammed into us at the expense of losing our suppers and dinners on Sunday.—
Morning Sermon, February 27, 1859.

Rammed
into us

THERE is but one pleasant scene in the whole case, and that is the simple fidelity of this grateful man to the

Ran
his head
against
authority

truth, and the unflinching witness borne to Christ, to his own damage, There is no question that at the time the event under consideration took place, this man cut the worst figure of all who had to do with it. The synagogue stood, all the officers and the parents were in good favor, everybody smiled, and everything was pleasant and brotherly, except so far as this one man was concerned. He, poor, miserable fellow, ran his head against authority recklessly, and was kicked out of the synagogue, and stood all alone!—*Evening Sermon, December 11, 1859.*

God's
providence
vs.
strong
Regiments

IT was a remarkable saying of one of the Revolutionary heroes, when Congress, instead of passing a bill for more soldiers, recommended a day for fasting and prayer, that there might be a good deal in fasting and prayer, but he had noticed that God's providence was on the side of strong regiments.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

YOU know that in the business of publishing there are what are called "the remainders." If an edition of a book is published, and it is not all sold, the part that remains unsold is called "the remainder" of that edition. And in manufacturing establishments and stores there is a great amount of stock which is called "remnants," and which consists of scraps, and shop-worn goods that are left over. Now I think that the church and the community are full of "remnants" and "remainders"—men that are left over.—*Evening Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

The
Remainders
of
the Church

NOW God says, "Here is your duty for to-day, and the means with which to do it. To-morrow you will find remittances and further directions; next week you will find other remittances and other directions; next month you will find others; and next year still others."—*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

God's
Remittances

Suppose
it is your
Rent

SUPPOSE it is your rent, which is due next week. It is true that trusting will not pay it ; neither will fretting about it pay it.—*Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

Rented
furniture
and
opinions

THERE are many who have no furniture of their own—it is all rented ; and there are as many and more, all of whose opinions are borrowed. A tale is told. Some sinner is brought to light, and the evening circle, the fashionable circle, are shocked at some high crime and misdemeanor, not against the laws of God, but of etiquette. — *Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

Sin in
Repenting

I AM shocked, I am disgusted with the ignominiousness of repentance among men before God, when they are so reluctant about it. I think men sometimes commit more sin in repenting, than they do in performing the things of which they repent.—*Morning Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

HERE and there, God makes a reservoir-man, and other men draw at him and take their supplies from him.—*Evening Sermon, March 18, 1860.*

A
Reservoir-
man

THERE are some men who gain their livelihood as the lazy farmer gets his grist, who ties his bag to the trough of the mill, and sits down and waits till his bag is filled, and then carries it home. Business men who live that lazy sort of life are said to be "retired." We do not count them as among the living forces of human life. They have retired from life. When we talk about men, we do not talk about such men.—*Morning Sermon, October 30, 1860.*

Retired

CHILDREN at first are mere animals. The most absolute animals on the globe, I think, are these little pulpy children. They are, as they roll about, like sunfish floating through the water—round, plump, and beautiful to look at, but good for nothing—absolutely nothing. I will not say they are at zero—they are below

Faintly
Revealed
at that

zero. They seem to be the connecting link between nothing and something, and very faintly revealed at that.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

Revolving
graces

MEN are not to have their Christian
graces like revolving light-houses,
that flash a white light, then a red light,
and then a space of darkness, to be follow-
ed by separate flashes.—*Morning Sermon,*
February 5, 1860.

Right
between
the joints
of the
harness

A MAN may call the church whatever
names he pleases ; he may call min-
isters whatever names he pleases ; he may
call me an enthusiast, a bigot, or a fanatic
—those things do not touch near where I
live ; but when a man says to me, “ You
are worldly-minded,” that does hit right
between the joints of the harness !—*Morn-
ing Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

ALL such virtues as gentleness, neat-
ness, order, punctuality, courtesy,
attention to etiquette, fidelity in small

matters, the avoidance of meanness, of negligence, of slackness—all these are things of more than minor importance. A man cannot justify himself for neglecting these things by saying, “I have a robust nature, and am a right-up-and-down sort of a fellow, and people cannot expect me to have any of these little finical graces.”—*Evening Sermon, January 22, 1860.*

A
Right up and
down
sort of a
fellow

WHERE a man carries himself in his conscience, and in his religion, he is not at the mercy of any outward circumstances; but where a man carries himself in his own pocket, a rip may destroy him. The men who are usually counted to be the first men, can be spilled out of a hole in the bottom of their pocket; and there is nothing stands between the highest and the lowest, but just the difference in the state of their pockets.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

A Rip
may
destroy him

Hot-house
for
Ripening
Souls

DO you believe that there is any such thing as a hot-house, where they can ripen human souls as they ripen pine-apples in these northern climes?—*Evening Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

Converting
men
just like
Ripening
grapes

CONVERSION is to a man's soul just what ripening is to grapes. They hang in the right form ; every one of them has skin and seeds, but all of them are sour. But just let them hang there long enough in the bright sunshine till it makes them sweet, and they are converted. That is exactly what conversion means to man. He hangs there, but sour, until he sees what is the power of God, the love of God and the spirit of God becomes sweetened to him.—*Evening Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

God
Rocks it
with his foot

I THINK that the whole round globe is but a cradle, and that God rocks it with his foot.—*Morning Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

THERE are many whose whole idea of attainment and character, is that they are simply implements of success in secular life. It is getting along that they think of. Refinement, culture and religion are valuable, because with them a man can better serve himself in this life. They look upon men as they do upon knives. They think single-bladed men are poor creatures. In their view some men are double-bladed, and some have as many blades as Rodgers' famous pattern-knives which are displayed to tempt customers. —*Morning Sermon, November 27, 1859.*

Single-
bladed
men

Rodgers'
knives

THERE are many men that will not get away from trouble when they can. If there is trouble in one room they will not so much as go into another room to avoid it. A wise man, when he finds himself in a room where there is trouble, goes out of it as soon as possible. Now God has put at least thirty rooms in a man's mind, and if there is trouble in one, he can go up to the next one, and if the

30 Rooms
in a man's
head

trouble comes into that, he can go up to the next, and, if necessary, he can keep going up-stairs till he gets upon the roof; and the higher he goes, the more tired will troubles get of flying up after him.—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

For a man
to
Roost on

THIS, then, is the secret of life—to seek all you can lay your hand on, but to seek it only as a round of a ladder which is good for nothing for a man to sit and roost on, but is good to enable him to take another step, that step being only preliminary to the next.—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Rothschild
and
Moses

MEN who are distinguished from their fellow-men by their sharpness, their tact, their management, and who become the world's merchant princes, though they seem very material, have more faith than almost any other class among us. It may be a pecuniary faith, a commercial faith, but it is faith. Baring Brothers are men of faith, though their

faith may not be of the highest order. Old Rothschild is a man of faith, though his faith is very different from that which Moses had. Moses lived as seeing Him who is invisible ; and Rothschild lives as seeing it which is invisible. The power of foreseeing which Moses had, was the same that Rothschild has.—*Morning Sermon, October 30, 1859.*

WHEN you get an apple that is half rotten, the other half being as good as though the whole were sound, then you can get a Christian that is rotten on one side, who is as good on the other side as if both sides were good.—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

Half-Rotten
apples
and
Christians

OTHER children don't get broken in so easily—perhaps from something in themselves, and perhaps from a want of skill on the part of their parents. In such cases there comes a time when there is a royal family fight, and the question is who shall come out ahead, the father and

A Royal
family
fight

mother, or the child. — *Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

A God to
Rub up the
stars I DO not need a God, whose business it is to rub up the stars and keep them bright, to turn the vast wheel of the universe, and by infinite forces to take care of globes and human beings, but a God who tells me, "The hairs of your head are all numbered," and who says, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without my notice." — *Morning Sermon, July 3, 1859.*

Got
a
Saint I SHOULD be sorry to think that there was a man here who had not got a saint. I have one. — *Evening Sermon, October 9, 1859.*

Prayer
vs.
Satan IT is quite in vain for a man to set apart hours to pray, if he gives to Satan all the rest of his time. — *Morning Sermon, January 22, 1860.*

THE Satan of sacred literature is impossible to any rational man, or rational mind.—*Evening Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

Satan
impossible

I DO not think there is a thing about which men sin more than they do in this matter of lying. They lie from their birth. From the womb they go spreading lies. David said, in his haste, that all men were liars; and an old Scotch preacher very shrewdly remarked that he never took it back when he got leisure.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

An old
Scotch
preacher

DID you ever hear how the string of a harp or a violin complains when you begin to turn the key, and screw it up to concert pitch? How it wails! And yet when it is screwed tight, it discourses glorious music—and only then. Men do not like to be screwed up, but they all want good music brought out of them. God knows better than they do what conditions are required for such music, and he

Men don't
like to be
Screwed up

turns the keys of life, and brings them, at last, into concord ; but it is late before many of them are fit to be played upon.—
Evening Sermon, October 9, 1859.

Business
leaks
at every
Seam

BUSINESS leaks at every seam because men are not trustworthy. —
Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.

Selvage
of goodness

THERE are men that have a selvage of goodness to the garment of their character, which makes them appear like good men ; and yet, if you look at their character as a whole, you shall find that they are mean, hard, selfish, pinching, stingy men. — *Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

It gives a
Set

AS men begin in life so they are very apt to continue. As in water cement, the form very soon hardens almost to a stone, so any moral habit very soon gives a set to conduct, and then it is almost like breaking flint to change that conduct. — *Evening Sermon, November 20, 1859.*

IT would be better for us if we had more childishness about ourselves. Masons know that that work is never good which sets too quick. If manhood sets too quick, it is apt to be stiff and brittle.—*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

If manhood
Sets
too quick

I WOULD rather be a nobody, and have no character and no responsibility, than to be one of those miserable, truckling men in God's service, who are forever watching their influence, for fear they shall lose it. Suppose you should see a man going up and down some street, and you should ask him why he did it, and he should say: "God has committed to me the responsibility of a shadow, and I am taking care that I do not lose my shadow!"—*Evening Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

The
responsi-
bility
of a
Shadow

THERE are those who recognize only, or mainly, their own agency in this world. They see no living forces but themselves. Their state of mind depends upon how much blood they have, how good their

God
Shakes
the conceit
out of them

digestion is, whether or not hope is the largest organ in their head, and the amount of spirituality they possess. They think there is but one law, namely, that every man should carve out his own course through life. If they are successful, their success must be achieved on a low plane—it must be a creature-good, as divines sometimes call it. It can, at best, yield them only temporary comforts. If they are destined to a higher good, they are soon handled in a manner calculated to modify their ideas of their own independence. God shakes the conceit out of them.—*Morning Sermon, September 25, 1859.*

Shaking
hands
a
means
of grace

ONE of the noblest men I ever saw on earth, and now I believe in Heaven, —a man standing as high as any State could put her sons in places of honor and trust—I have noticed that he never met an acquaintance that he did not stop and shake hands with him. Though I have met him as often as ten or twelve times a day, I never passed him without his shak-

ing me by the hand. At first it seemed strange, but I soon came to feel the power which it awakened in me ; the sense of his interest and kindly feeling causes a reciprocation of it, and I came at last to shake hands with him almost as a means of grace.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

IF a man has come to that point where he is content, he ought to be put in his coffin ; for a contented live man is a sham !—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

A
contented
live man
is a Sham !

WE are apt to carry ourselves as men arrange their stores. The newest and most attractive goods are in the windows ; but those which are old, or shop-worn, or rotten, or adulterated, are taken far back in the half-lights, where sharp-eyed clerks sell to bat-eyed customers.—*Morning Sermon, November 27, 1859.*

Sharp-eyed
and
bat-eyed

HOW many men there are, who, after having been in the church ten or twenty years, are just about where they were when they first entered it. They are

Shiftless
Christians

a little better in this or that field—a little improved in spots—but the annual harvest is not much more at the end of twenty years than it was at the end of five years. Lazy Christians ! shiftless Christians ! un-growing and unfruitful Christians !—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

Christ
putting
Shingles
on the
roof

IN our day there is as much division in the Church as there has been at any previous period. Christ as a doctrine will unite churches ; Christ as the emancipator of those in bondage will divide the whole Church. Christ making men strong and rich outwardly, and Christ as patron and protector of men that are strong and rich outwardly, will unite the whole community ; Christ giving rights to the weak and the poor will divide the whole community. Christ putting shingles on the roof of the temple of Christianity, as men have fashioned it, will be received ; Christ changing the foundations of that temple will be rejected. — *Morning Sermon, December 25, 1859.*

I BELIEVE that men are oftener destroyed by the character of the feelings which they carry on account of their troubles, than by the force of the troubles themselves. Here is a man, for instance, who, when he fell down, broke his courage short off in the middle. He was only forty-five or fifty years of age, and, if he had only thought so, he could have got up on his hands, and then upon his knees, and then up on his feet; and in the course of five years he could have put himself to rights again. But he broke his courage in two in the middle, and from that day he has never got up. He is like a man with a broken spine, who never has any feeling down in his feet.—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Short off
in
the middle

I THINK the most humiliating thing a person could do—but our vanity will not let us do it—would be to sit down and think how he has fretted and stewed and simmered in advance, about griefs and troubles which never came as he anticipat-

Fretted
and stewed
and
Simmered

ed they would.—*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

Sing Sing
is asking
“When will
they come?”

OF thousands upon thousands of young men Sing Sing is asking, “When will they come?” Wait patiently, old Prison, they are on the way!—*Evening Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

To
Sit in our
minds
with the
windows
open

WE are not obliged to sit in our minds with all the doors open, nor with all the windows open. We have a right of reserve, of self-inclosure, of refusing to let men know what we are, what we think, and what we do.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

There is a
way
through the
Skin

NEVER resort—except where you find that a kind of moral plaster is necessary to promote inward inflammation, or to draw it off!—to these snappings, and pinchings, and slappings, and degrading annoyances, which are so detestable. But where there is raised up against you a little tyrannic will that must be subdued, if by

patient reasoning and persuasion you can not subdue it, there is a way by which you can do it through the skin ; and when you do it, do it thoroughly, and be done with it. —*Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

I HATE French words—there is no depth in them—they are all skin and polish.—*Evening Sermon, May 1, 1859.*

All Skin
and
polish

THERE are some men that are born so sleazy that it seems as though no sewing would make them into garments of any account.—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Born
Sleazy

TAKE somebody who is rather faulty, who you think is a slippery Christian, and whom you like to dissect, and remember that the work of grace is begun in him, and lift him up, and imagine what he will be in the future, till you see him enveloped in a flood of God's glory, and then look at him. — *Wednesday Evening Lecture, November 16, 1859.*

A
Slippery
Christian

Remarkably
Smart

THE acquisition by mankind of the knowledge at present in the world, has been the work of now more than three thousand years—for it is only within the last three thousand years that man has thought of studying much. The human race, in this respect, is like our children. We do not think of putting them to school before they are three or four, and sometimes five or six years old, unless they are remarkably smart—and all children are.—*Morning Sermon, April 22, 1859.*

Near enough
to
Smell
heaven

THERE never was any smell so sweet to me at sea, as the breeze that came off the land. When I returned from Europe, and first smelled this continent, I did not know what it was, as I walked, or rather staggered, about the deck, but I felt a wonderful sense of reviving, an odor of something sweet; and that moment my appetite returned, and from that moment I lost all sea-sickness, and felt like a new man. I think it should be so when we come near heaven; the moment we are

near enough to smell the odor of the land, that moment every man should throw away all earth-sickness, and feel himself growing strong and young again.—*Evening Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

MEN build up good, men build up character in this world, as the artist produces a painting ; as, for instance, Raphael wrought his exquisite picture of the Madonna, which required days, and weeks, and months of the closest application, and which progressed little by little, touch by touch, with a brush whose tip was not bigger than the point of a pin ; or, as a beautiful rainbow is produced, which is wrought out, little touches by little touches, day after day, week after week, and month after month being required for its execution. Suppose an artist, after having completed such a picture, in a moment of intoxication, goes into his studio, takes his brush, dips it into black paint, and applies it thereto. Only one smouch and the work

Only
one
Smouch

of months is destroyed!—*Morning Sermon, January 23, 1859.*

Everybody
kicks
Sober ones

IT makes a great difference whether a sin is amusing or not about its being tolerated—laughable lies and wickednesses go along smoothly, when everybody kicks sober ones.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Their old
Soddy
lives

SOME men are like empty ships, which dance and toss about like egg-shells on the water, but which, if you load them, and sink them down to the deck, will ride steadily through the waves. Many men have to experience real trouble before they will carry an even keel; and then they make good voyages. In the case of not a few, real trouble is the best thing that can happen to them. Many men are like old pastures which are very short and turf-bound, which do not like to be plowed, but the usefulness of which, as is shown by the crops they produce, is materially increased by their being turned over to

the depth of fifteen inches or so. Many men do not like to have their old soddy lives plowed up by trouble, but their lives are improved, as is shown by the clarifying effects produced upon them, by being turned up from the very bottom.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

HOW doubly condemned will that man feel who finds that in denying Christ he has denied himself—that when he sold himself for the world, he sold the world in the very bargain!—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Sold
the world
in the
bargain

AS means to an end, all things are good. As ends only, they are good for nothing. And this is the reason why I read to you that singular chapter from Ecclesiastes, which made many of you stare so, where Solomon told what he did. He did a great many things that I hope will never be done again. He went through a wide circuit of folly which many Solomon-

Solomonculi

culi have undertaken to go through since.
—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Spigots
vs.
bung-hole

A RICH man's sons are usually so many spigots in a hogshead. The sum of all their bores is larger than the whole bung-hole ; and he cannot pour in as fast as they draw out.—*Evening Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

We should
grow up long
and
Spindling

G OD is, by disappointments, continually heading us back on every side. If it were not for this we should grow up long and spindling.—*Morning Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

Sticks
plentier than
men

Splicing
men

I T is very hard to find men now ; you can find good sticks in the woods for masts, though that is difficult ; yet you can find ten sticks easier than you can find one man. We must make men now as they make masts ; they saw down a dozen trees, splice them together, and bind them round with iron hoops, and thus make masts that are supposed to be stronger than if they

were one piece of timber. And so with men ; if you want a good man, you have to take a dozen men, splice them together, wind the hoops of responsibility round and round them, put watching bands all about them, before you can get a man with whom you dare leave your money ; and then they will run away with it.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

I DO not deny the right of a man to be converted in just the way that is best adapted to his nature. Every man has that right. God has a right to make seed sprout as he pleases.—*Morning Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

Sprout

IN the proportion that you become like God in your temper, that temper becomes a lens through which you see God ; for “the pure in heart shall see God.” A pure heart is God’s spy-glass.—*Morning Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

God’s
Spy-glass

A
great thing
to
Squeak
at every joint

I OFTEN see men who seem to think that it is a very great thing to squeak at every joint, and that every revolution of business should be accompanied with groans. — *Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

We hear the
victims
Squeal

MEN that have wealth and do not know what to do with it, are the most miserable men out of hell—and they ought to be! There is a fable told of a man whose gold was poured molten down his throat. The same thing is done every day in the year among us; and we hear the victims squeal perpetually in their wretchedness and misery. — *Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Stand-up
way
of fighting

I WOULD much rather fight pride than vanity; because pride has a stand-up way of fighting. You know where it is.—*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

IT stands to reason that a man whose life is regulated by a high moral purpose, can make a better use of his time than a man whose life is divided up by selfish instincts.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

It
Stands to
reason

TELL you that the moral reasonings of the store and the counting-room, with reference to what is right and what is wrong in getting money, and the reasonings of God's judgment-seat, will be very different operations. You can muzzle your fear, and you can silence your conscience, and you can go on making money by ways which God abhors, and which every honest man ought to abhor, and you can, in the meantime, have comparative peace ; but there is a great difference between staving off judgment now, and staving off revelation and judgment then ! — *Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

Staving off
judgment
now and
then !

I LIKE the tyrant's flail. I like to see him plow. I like to see him make himself asinine for breaking up the ground.

God is
Steering
them !

I like to see him do a yeoman's duty in the field. He is sowing the seed for the harvest of liberty. For God, and not man, reigns in the earth. Men think they are directing their own course, but God is steering them into his own harbors.—*Morning Sermon, December 4, 1859.*

And then
Stepped
out

MANY persons say that God made natural laws to do everything in the world, and then stepped out and left them to themselves. — *Evening Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

Christians
with a long
Stem

YOU have seen, in fields of grain, where there was an average low growth, that here and there some long stalks shot up and bore a lordly head of wheat nearly twice as high as those round about them. So there are, in communities and churches, single Christians that throw themselves up with a long stem, and bend down with a full head—for the fuller the head, the more humble the man is apt to be.—*Evening Sermon, October 9, 1859.*

MOST men grow as vines do out West. When vines grow in God's vineyard, the tops are cut off, and they are kept down, so that the fruit grows near the ground, where everybody can reach it : but if you go out into the rich valleys of the West, you will find that at first the vines have fruit near the ground, but that they go on climbing, till by and by they get up to the tops of the highest trees ; and now you may climb ten feet, and not find a cluster ; you may climb ten feet more, and still not find a cluster ; you may climb thirty, forty, sixty, eighty feet, and there, in the topmost boughs, you will find grapes. There are hundreds of men who are growing, growing, with long polished stems, reaching up eighty feet in the air, who lift their heads far up in the sunlight of their own prosperity, and who will have nothing to do with those who live down near the ground. Now do not grow like wild vines ; grow like cultivated vines, so that your fellow-men can at least touch the clusters

Men
with long
polished
Stems

which are being ripened by your sap and blood.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Let him
Stew
himself

IF you want to make a man exquisitely vain and selfish, let him make a potage of himself, and stew himself, and stir himself up in a journal. The man who writes a journal always has one eye on the printing-press.—*Evening Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

Churches
Stick
in
the Sheath

CHURCHES are but instruments of God. They are swords in his hand for the accomplishment of his great purposes ; and if, when he goes forth to wield them, they stick in the sheath, so that he cannot get them out, how much value do you suppose he places upon them ? Nine out of ten of the churches in the world are not only swords that stick in the sheath, but they are so rusted that if you could get them out they would be good for nothing.—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

I AM in a strait, often, betwixt two. I do believe in conversion, and in the power of new spiritual life ; but after all, my own observation has gone to show that a naturally mean man is very apt to have his meanness stick to him after he becomes a professor of religion. — *Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

Meanness
Sticks

THERE are a great many temptations that are mere nervous temptations, and a great many visions that are simply improper manifestations of the mental economy. There are a great many things which men register in their journals as the work of the Devil, that are nothing but the work of a disordered stomach.—*Evening Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

The Devil
a disordered
Stomach

I TELL you, that although there is great blessing in a prayer-meeting, no prayer-meeting on earth is such a means of grace as a man's own store.—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

No
prayer-meet-
ing
like a
man's own
Store

Not a good
String

CHRIST comes, and walks, and teaches as never man taught. He fills the whole world, for the space of centuries, with the sublimity of his presence, and the majesty of his love. And now, in the midst of these mighty sublimities a man comes and asks, "Do you think the mother of Christ was a virgin?" Why, a child ought to have thought better. Where is the moral sense; what has become of the spiritual nature of a man that is untouched when God's hand runs across the chords of deepest feeling! When the bright heaven above; when the transporting glory of the beatified state; when all the glories which poets have dreamed of—when these things are brought before the soul of a man, and God says, "This is yours; the promise is to you and your children, and to them that are afar off," the man does not feel the promise; he does not feel the glory of this moral disclosure; he only feels that there is a blunder in the arithmetic somewhere; he only feels that the string with

which the medicine is tied up is not a good string!—*Evening Sermon, October 2, 1859.*

NOW Paul says, "I can do just which you please ; I can work, and work to the full ; or I can stand still, and not do a stroke."—*Morning Sermon, November 20, 1859.*

Not do a
Stroke

I THINK the ten plagues of Egypt one after another, frogs, lice and all, would not be worse than is that plague, that intolerable nuisance of French literature. I had rather my child (and I speak the words of truth and soberness) would take his chance in making a journey through pest hospitals, plague hospitals, yellow fever hospitals, five or six of them in succession, than to walk through those pest volumes of even one writer—Eugene Sue.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Frogs,
lice
and all
Eugene
Sue

WHEN a child has come to be fifteen years of age, he is about old enough to take care of himself ; but when

Girts and
Surcingles
for the
heart

a child is but fifteen days old, he needs mother, and father, and nurse, and ministering care on every side. And our infant thoughts and yearnings are the ones that need nursing. The adult ones may safely be left alone. And yet we put overcoats, and girts, and surcingles, and harnesses on our heart-feelings after they get to be strong and robust.—*Morning Sermon, December 11, 1859.*

Sweet-
juiced
feelings

HOW many men can you find, who make it a part of their daily business to suppress all malign feelings, and to manifest generous ones? How many can you find who say to themselves, "When I go forth among my fellow-men, it is my duty to go with sweet-juiced feelings, and to make them dominant over my lower feelings?"—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

Whipped
Syllabub
of creation

HERE is a man who can lift fifty-six pounds, and throw it two hundred feet. "What a great man!" says Tom Hyer; "splendid fellow!" And so he

would say of a man who could strike another hard enough to knock him ten feet through the air. Another man being asked, "Is that your idea of manhood?" says, "No; I want a man who has taste, who sees everything on the side of beauty, who can sketch, group, arrange artistically; who has refinement of taste in things physical, and in things social; and, in short, whose law and conscience in life is refinement — an æsthetic conscience, rather than an ethical." This would fill the idea of manhood with some. Another man says, "Although your man is better than a pugilist, he is far yet from being my man; for a man of mere taste is but a whipped syllabub of creation."—*Morning Sermon, February 27, 1859.*

Whipped
Syllabub
of creation

NOT a great while ago, in Cortlandville, a man went to hear Mr. Phillips and Mr. Curtis. I have since made inquiries concerning the man, and learned that he stood second to no man in that place in respect to piety, and man-

The old
Synagogue
business
over again

The old
Synagogue
business
over again

hood, and upright conduct. His church—whose particular name I will not mention—sat in judgment upon him, and excommunicated him, for exercising his right to hear other teachers besides those whom they recognized. The case was appealed, and the court above confirmed the decision of the lower court. The case was again appealed, and the decision was again confirmed; and the man stands—happily for him—excommunicated.—*Evening Sermon, December 11, 1859.*

Tail-feather
lies

THERE are different sizes of feathers on an eagle; there are wing-feathers, and tail-feathers, and down. And there are wing-feather lies, and tail-feather lies, and downy lies. You can lie without opening your mouth, as well as by opening it. Your little finger can lie as well as your tongue.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

IF a man has nothing better to do than turning a grindstone, it is better to be educated; or sticking pins on a paper, or

sweeping the streets ; it makes no difference what you do, you will do it better if you are an intelligent man. It is said that blood will tell in stock ; and I know that intelligence will tell in man.—*Evening Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

Blood will
Tell

WHEN our Saviour preached, he never took a text out of the Bible, except in one instance—namely, when he preached his opening sermon in the synagogue. On all other occasions he took his texts out of life. And what a commentary is this fact upon those who say that we must not bring anything into the pulpit out of ordinary daily life, or anything which is not taken out of the Bible—a notion which is anti-Christian, and against the example of Christ, *as well as against common sense!* —*Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

Never took
a
Text
out of the
Bible

I LOVE to see a strong man, and hear his voice in prayer. I like to hear a healthy man sing songs—a man who is a strong worker, a strong thinker, a man

Thin,
lath men

Thin,
lath men

inside and out. I love to see the union of the spiritual and the physical. But these thin, lath men—these long-drawn-out men, who have no industry, no work, no life at home—I never love to hear them sing, nor pray, nor think, nor talk. These spiritual do-nothings, these spiritual busybodies, these religious flies, going about into every house, in at every window—buzz, buzz, buzz—in at every chamber and every apartment—these miserable insects of devotion are good for nothing.—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

A good
Thing

IF a pirate, or worse, the master of a slave-ship, has made a good thing of his unlawful traffic, I do not see why he should reluc̄tate about going into a lawful traffic on the ocean, because he does not know what the ocean will do to him. I have seen men work ten times as hard to be villains, as they would have been obliged to work to be honest men. The greatest slaves I know anything about, are those whom the devil has got the upper hand of,

and whom he is compelling to dodge between the supreme law of God and their worldly prosperity.—*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

THE conscience of commerce is both wise and true to itself ; but the conscience of Christianity is rather a queer thing, as the world goes.—*Morning Sermon, July 16, 1859.*

A queer
Thing

GENIUS is immortal. Like stars, it is not darkened by use, nor extinguished by time. The stars which shone over Eden hang over our dwellings yet ; and the works of genius, as far back as there is any record of them, are just as fresh and just as bright at this time as they were at the beginning. But wealth, though it is intenser at the time, is only short-lived. It is hard to get, harder to keep, and hardest to transmit. And although it has a power to develop and to stimulate, it is not a safe thing for a man to rely upon, or to pride

A safe
Thing

himself in.—*Morning Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

The
Thing

I have seen persons that I thought were benefited by going into the Catholic Church ; not because they accepted the creed of that Church, but because they required to be led by so many visible things. They needed the support of authority, and they got authority enough there. They leaned upon it. It was the medicine they needed, and it seemed to do them good. They seemed to be made better by it. And that which makes a man good is the thing for him.—*Evening Sermon, November 6, 1859.*

The other
Thing

WHEN you do a scrupulously honorable thing, where you could do the other thing without blame of men, and do it in such a way that men know that you are acting from principle, you preach in a language that money-brokers can understand better than any other in the world. I might preach the doctrine of Christ to

them week in and week out, and not come so near to their conscience as you could by one honest act done from the force of Christian principle, where you might have done the other thing with impunity. So you had better stay and preach the Gospel where your business is.—*Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

A MAN'S clothes are a part of his earthly life. He is never at liberty to lay them aside. He may change their day-form for a night-form ; he may change their kind for winter or for summer use ; he may change their fashion, their form, and their decorations ; but the substantial thing clings to him as a part of his inevitable life—that he must be clothed.—*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

The
substantial
Thing

THERE are a great many hymns that tell us to praise God, and that tell us about praising him ; but how few hymns of uninspired writers contain the very thing

The very
Thing
itself

itself, and burst forth in high jubilation.—
Morning Sermon, November 6, 1859.

Such like
 Things

GOD, who loves us so well, will no more permit us to mark out the things which we are to have, than a parent will say to a child, "What do you want?" and then promise to give it what it asks for. It would want the razors, the tempting bottles of medicine, the wine and brandy, (till it had tasted them!) and such like things. — *Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

Thinking
 out of our
 windows

NOW the power of this world to teach us of God, and to bring us into communion with him, is not to be rendered available to us by an occasional meditation upon it, nor by reading a chapter of *Hervy's Meditations*, or anybody else's meditations; nor by thinking, now and then, out of our windows, on Sundays, at the world. — *Morning Sermon, July 3, 1859.*

ORDINARILY speaking, men who drink begin simply to add a little fuel to their energies, to raise a little steam for the purposes of business. They can only work twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, and they want to work thirty-six!—*Evening Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

36
hours
out of the
24

THERE are personal friends who will see in you, day by day, things that will make them doubt whether you are an honest man, but who wont speak to you about them. They will talk about them behind your back, though. They will say, one to another, after having noticed some inconsistency in your character, "What do you suppose happened?" and they will laugh among themselves at your expense. They will say, "He is a Christian—a member of the church, you know."—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

They will
behold
your back,
Though

I SUPPOSE there never was a man equal to Paul — not even Moses. When I discourse about Moses I am sure

Throwing
in even
the
prophets

that he is the greatest man that ever lived ; and when I discourse about Paul, I know that he is the greatest man that ever lived. Let these two men stand side by side. They are fit brothers, the one as a representative of the old dispensation, the other as a representative of the new dispensation ; the one a leader in the reign of muscle ; the other a leader in the reign of the spirit. These two men stand head and shoulders above any other men that ever lived since the time of Christ. Indeed, they are more than all the other men that have lived since that time, throwing in even the prophets.—*Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

By
feeling
a
Thump

THERE are a million natural laws of which we know nothing. We are gradually learning them, as we find out where beams are in the dark—by feeling a thump, by discovering that there is something in the way.—*Morning Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

ONE of the most pitiable things, I think, is to see Christians of different churches sharp as a sword, and running at each other—to see, for instance, the Baptists coming down upon the Presbyterians, and the Presbyterians giving back equal thwacks upon the Baptists, and both of these denominations bombarding the Episcopalians. — *Morning Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

Equal
Thwacks

DON'T come to me with the question of moral agency. Is not a man able to perform all that God commands? Yes, he is, as regards the abstract question. You take a man driving up Broadway with a nimble team when the street is choked and packed with omnibuses and wagons, and ask him, "Are you able to see that omnibus and that wagon, etc.? Have you confidence enough to steer your buggy through them all?" Yes, he says, in this particular instance; but there are fifty men, and behind them are still more which I cannot see, and so a man must go through all

Present
his
Ticket

Present
his
Ticket

these without grazing or striking anywhere, or what is more, being struck anywhere. That is but one, but these are all combined. Take man, full of selfishness and pride as he is, with the pressure of care upon him, and is it so easy to carry himself in the perfect justice and equity and love that is required in the Christian life? Whether I can or can not, I don't, and you don't and won't. There is no man on the face of the earth who can go safely through the battle of life, fight his way to Heaven's gate, and present his ticket and say, "I have won the fight, and now I want my reward."—*Evening Sermon, May 21, 1859.*

The right
Ticket

THERE is an impression among men that Christ has made an atonement, and he is in heaven ready to receive all who obey him. Their view of it is, that a certain way has been opened up by the atonement of Christ, and if they can only find it, they can go straight to the gates of heaven and present their ticket, and Christ says, "Here is a man got here the right

way, brought the right ticket, countersigned Faith, and all that, and he must be admitted."—*Evening Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

ALWAYS reason up, never down. Under any circumstances, never allow yourselves to say, "But may I not do this?" Never say to yourself: "Has not this been tied too tight?" I say a man who is just as good as the law makes him, is a mean man. — *Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Tied
too tight

THERE never was a fence that would keep moles and vermin out of a man's farm; and there never was a fence that would keep hawks off from it. Birds will fly over any fence he can build. The best thing a farmer can do is to take care of his soil, so as to have a harvest so rich that he will be able to spare a little to vermin and birds. No man ever had a confession of faith or system of doctrine that would keep out the moles or the birds of the air. The only safe way is to have such

Practical
Tith
in
the church

practical tilth in the church, that it does not make much difference if it is stolen from.—*Evening Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

Character
and
Timber

I THINK we must judge of human character as men do of timber. I do not care what a man's character may be, the effect upon it of his telling a lie is what a worm channel is in a sill of oak. When a stick of timber has one worm channel running through it, it may be a strong stick of timber yet, but it is weakened some. When it comes to have two or three of these channels running through it, it is good for nothing.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

All
Timber
may
be broken

WITH many men the question is not whether they can be overcome, but at what pressure they can be overcome. All pieces of timber may be broken. Some will bear a ton, some ten tons, some a hundred tons, and some a thousand tons, but there is a point at which the strongest piece of timber will break. And we must not be in a hurry, when a man falls, to say,

“That man was a corrupt old hypocrite.”—
Evening Sermon, December 4, 1859.

PAUL says: “For even when we were
 with you, this we commanded you,
 that if any would not work, neither should
 he eat.” What a time there would be in
 New York if this should be enforced now!
 —*Evening Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

What
 a
 Time!

YOU would think to look at that bell
 up in the belfry, “Oh, such a bell,
 lifted up so high, it only needs that some
 one should pull the rope to make it sound
 gloriously through the air!” Well, pull the
 rope; it sounds for all the world like a tin
 pan! It is cracked. I see men in the old
 belfry of prosperity; and other men are
 looking up at them and saying, “Oh, how
 happy they must be!” Well, ring them,
 and see how they sound.—*Evening Sermon,*
February 10, 1860.

For all the
 world like
 a
 Tin pan!

Torpid as
a
Toad

WHERE you hear a young man who is torpid as a toad in his higher nature, saying, "It makes no difference what you are morally," it is easy to predict what kind of a man he will make.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

A
Toad-stool
just
as good!

WHEN men are looking upon the field of life, they say oftentimes, "Here are persons that have retired from the turmoil of life; they can serve God. Here is this sister of mine, that walks aside from life, and knows nothing of its storms, and on whom God's mercies descend like dews, unasked: she can be a saint. She can serve God a great deal better than I, that am sent down into the midst of the tornadoes of tropical temptation?" Suppose that a recluse had been discovered living alone on the side of the Alleghany mountains, in the times of the Revolution, and one of the soldiers, speaking to General Washington of him, had said, "That man—oh, what a patriot he can be in his cabin, meditating upon his country's glory! If

he was down in the camp, amid the roar of battle, or on the tedious march, he could not be a patriot!" What do you think about that? Would you not say of a patriot on the side of a mountain, that a toad-stool or a mushroom was just as good?—*Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

GEOLOGISTS sometimes find toads sealed up in rocks. They crept in during the formation periods, and deposits closed the orifice through which they entered. There they remain, in long darkness and toad stupidity, till some chance blast or stroke sets them free. And there are many rich men sealed up in mountains of gold in the same way. If, in the midst of some convulsion in the community, one of these mountains is overturned, something crawls out into life which is called a man!—*Evening Sermon, January 15, 1860.*

Geological
Toads
and
rich men

Too bad

MY father used to make me believe that the end of the rod that he held in his hand was a great deal more painful to him than the end which I felt was to me. It was a strange mystery to me, but I did believe it ; and it seemed a great deal worse to me to be whipped on that account. I used to think that if he would not talk to me, but would whip me, I could stand it a great deal better. So I could have stood it better, and not been benefited. For a child is not whipped till the sensation goes to the heart, and touches the feeling. But when my father made me cry by talking to me, and then whipped me, and then made me cry by talking to me again, I thought it was too bad. — *Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.*

Nobody's
Tooth
can ache
like theirs

MOST persons suppose that their pains are keener and more unendurable than other people's. They think that nobody's tooth can ache as their tooth aches ; that nobody can be afflicted with such rheumatism as they are afflicted with ;

that there never was another case of gout like theirs; and that no fever was ever known which would compare with that which they have. They are actually proud of their maladies. There are persons who think no one else ever was so extremely sensitive as they are, and that no one else ever suffered as they suffer. You greatly offend them if you tell them that you suppose other people have probably suffered as much as they do.—*Morning Sermon, July 24, 1859.*

Nobody's
Tooth
can ache
like theirs

NOW this whole spirit which tends to make men look upon those about them, and say, "Stand lower, stand lower, stand lower," is of the earth earthy. The elder brother knows that his sister is lower than he in years; and she knows that in this respect the one next younger is lower than she. But everybody knows that the top of the family is in the cradle.—*Morning Sermon, May 8, 1859.*

The
Top of the
family
is in
the cradle

Drilled
into
and never
Touched
water

I NOTICE that the lowest natures need the most beauty in this world. What would a miser marry a woman for? You take one of those hard men—granite into which you have drilled, and never touched water; whom you stumble over and break in pieces; who falls upon you and bruises you. You go from him, and return in ten years, you find him just as hard. But you speak of his family, and he is ready to worship you. What's the change? He has been married five years. You instantly desire to see the woman who could awaken love in such a breast.—*Morning Sermon, January 2, 1859.*

Made
Tough
and
made tender

YOU that are strong are to help that man who cannot control his temper; his skin and your skin may be different; it may be that you are made tough, while he is made very tender. If he does not know how to hold himself, do you help him to hold himself; if he cannot extinguish the conflagration that tends to break out, do you bring the engine of your sympathy

and help him to put out the fire.—*Evening Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

HE was as tender as a woman—or rather, I should have said, he lacked the toughness of a woman; for, slender and shrinking as women are, when troubles come they are almost the only persons who are tough of heart. They are tender of skin, but inside they are as strong as iron.—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

The
Toughness
of a
woman

I SUPPOSE there is a great deal in stock. I suppose that some men are born honest men. You would have to begin and untwist the skein to the original tow before you could weaken their honesty.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

The
original
Tow

A MAN from Rome desires to give me some conception of Raphael's last and greatest work, the Transfiguration. In order to give me as accurate an idea of it as possible, he says: (I give imagined numbers) "It is twenty feet high, and fifteen

Raphael's
Transfig-
uration

Raphael's
Transfig-
uration

feet wide. It is painted upon canvas. The canvas itself is made of linen. There was first laid on a sort of dead ground. This was the foundation on which the picture was painted. In the centre is a mountain, which divides the picture into upper and lower parts. Below the mountain is a scene representing Christ casting out devils. Above it is the Transfiguration, which, having given a general description of the picture in other respects, I will now proceed to describe to you in detail." So he takes out from his pack a bundle with a number of little carefully-folded papers in it. He opens them successively. The first contains the blue pigment; the second, the chrome pigment; the third, the ochre; the fourth, the burnt umber. After he has exhibited them all, he says, "There are all the elements of the picture. I scraped them off from it myself. Now you have a philosophical view of the Transfiguration of Raphael. Just bear in mind the dimensions of the picture, that it is made on canvas, that there is a mountain in the centre,

and that there is one group above and another below ; and then conceive how these elements should be put together to make a most splendid picture, and you have as good an idea of it as though you were to go to Rome to see it." I have no doubt of it.
—*Morning Sermon, February 27, 1859.*

DO you suppose that religion is like a bird in a cage, and that you can lock it up in the church, and that the keeper will take care of it, and feed it, and have it ready to sing for you whenever you choose to come here and listen to it? Is that your idea of religion? Very well, then ; your Bible and mine are different. We read different translations !—*Morning Sermon, February 8, 1860.*

SOMETIMES government is lax at first, but increases with the necessities of the growing family. But oftener, I think, parents are in the beginning full of wise resolutions of government, and the first

boy or girl is tremendously governed.—
Evening Sermon, February 26, 1860.

Trip-
hammer
life

FOR when God brings men into this world in a crude state, as sand and kelp are brought into the manufactory; or when, like crude iron, they are subjected to the transforming influences of this trip-hammer life, by which they are thumped, and jammed, and cut, and haggled, and pricked, and bruised, he does it that moral results may be evolved on a large scale.—
Morning Sermon, September 25, 1859.

You had
better
Trot down

HUMAN life is much like road life. You stand on a hill, and look down and across the valley, and another prodigious hill lifts itself up on the other side. The day is hot, your horse is weary, and you are tired; and it seems to you that you cannot climb that long hill. But you had better trot down the hill you are on, and not trouble yourself about the other one. You find the valley pleasant and inspiring. When you get across it, you meet only a

slight ascent, and begin to wonder where the steep hill is which you saw. You drive along briskly, and when you reach the highest point, you find that there has not been an inch of the hill over which you have not trotted.—*Morning Sermon, December 18, 1859.*

MANY persons trust God just as many cities light their streets, which, when the moon shines brightly, are very particular to light all their gas-lights ; but which, when the moon is gone, neglect to light them at all. I have seen men who, when in prosperity, were strong in their trust in God, but who, when surrounded by adverse circumstances, had no trust in God or anything else.—*Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

Trust
and gas
Moonshine
and
prosperity

IT will not be long after you return to your own households before something will go wrong, and you will get hold of the wrong handle. Then will be your time to say, "Let me try on the sermon."

Try it on

Do try it on. Try it a month—that is not long to wear a garment—and see if it is not the truth that I have been telling you.—*Morning Sermon, August 14, 1859.*

Tug-boat
men

EVERY executive man should be like those little tug-boats which come down the North River with three or four barges on each side, and with other barges attached to them, till for half a mile almost the river is covered with the barges which they are carrying. Now, when God has given great executive power to a person, he is to be a tow, and to take down the stream hundreds of those blunt-bowed, slow-sailing barges.—*Evening Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Tump
you
out into the
street

DO not look at the dark side of things, but at the bright side. Do not scratch the face of your affairs and disfigure them, but smooth them off by recognizing the good that is in them. Even a man in a dungeon finds it pleasant to make pictures and to write on the wall with a coal or a piece of chalk. Instead

of making your adverse circumstances more murky by brooding over them, and repining on account of them, light them up with a cheerful, radiant spirit. Be content, and remember that God says, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" so that you may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." Did he say that if you did not pay up your rent before Saturday night, he would tump you out into the street? You need not fear, for God is owner of owners.—*Morning Sermon, June 5, 1859.*

Tump
you
out into the
street

HAVE you ever heard a man bring a harp into tune? He takes his fork, and gets the concert-pitch in one chord. Then he goes to work to bring all the other chords to the same pitch. And such a groaning and complaining as ensues cannot be imagined by one who has never heard it. The process of chording a harp and a heart are very much alike. This groaning and complaining continues

Pride and
vanity
must be
Tuned up

Pride and
vanity
must be
Tuned up

till every chord is brought to the concert-pitch, and then the harp gives forth but one single harmonious impulse, and the soul of music is there. And so the chords of a man's soul need to be brought into unison with love, for from that must all powers take their pitch. Pride and vanity, and every other instinct of the soul, must be tuned up till their vibrations are consonant with those of love.—*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Turn to
and go to
cursing
Providence

NOW I see men who began away back at ten and fifteen years of age, indulging all the passions and appetites of the physical, at the expense of their souls ; every nerve rebels ; the stomach quarrels with the whole system. At last a child dies ; and just as though the child did not inherit the vile leprosy of the father ! They lay plans with their rickety consciences, and they fall ; success flies from their staggering reach, and they turn to and go to cursing Providence. — *Morning Sermon, January 9, 1859.*

WE know what is the direction in which we are to grow, and what are the materials out of which our growth must come. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Here is God's highway. We have got on the turnpike road.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

On the
Turnpike
road

WHEN a man says to me, "I was in the great revival of 1856, and oh, for more than a week, I was like a man hung over perdition; and one night I prayed, and prayed, and prayed, and was in such distress of mind that I could get no sleep; and just as the clock struck twelve, there suddenly came a divine light to my soul, which deluged it with very joy, and I have been a Christian ever since,"—when a man says this to me, and I find, on inquiry, that he is very selfish, and very passionate, and very niggardly, and very worldly, I do not believe that he is a Christian, just because he can put his finger on twelve

Just as
the clock
struck
12

o'clock at night, in the month of June in a certain year, and say, "That is the time when I was converted."—*Morning Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

\$20,000

THE effect of things in this world upon us depends upon the way we look at them. Here is a man who says, "Money, be thou my God." And his God grows with him every year, till it grows up to twenty thousand dollars. Then comes a God-destroyer in the shape of a financial revulsion, and knocks his God to pieces ; and in bitterness he exclaims, "They have taken away my God."—*Morning Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

Till
Twilight

BUT I cannot give half the applications I had intended to give. I have enough noted down to keep me talking till twilight.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

I SAY when a person becomes a Christian, that he loses nothing that he should not be afraid to keep. If ever you are going to be a Christian, don't set out to be a gloomy-eyed, twilight-faced, bat-like Christian. — *Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

A
Twilight-
faced,
bat-like
Christian

DO you not know that when Dudley Tyng died like Samson, he slew more than he had slain during all his life before? Do you not know that Christ achieved his greatest victory when he died upon the cross? Do you not know that the way for men to build themselves up is to be ground to powder? — *Morning Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

Dudley
Tyng
and
Christ

MEN cannot do anything in marble, or on canvas, and not have their name pronounced for two hundred years by the shadow of what they have done, so that the world knows them by associating them with their works. But God, for six thousand years, has carved and painted as

"Umbrella"
or
"Harvest,"
or
something
of that sort

no man ever carved and painted, and we continually behold his works, and who says, "God?" Morning, and noon, and evening come and go, and how many of us say, "God?" All the day long the sun pours down its life-giving rays, and who thinks of anything but "Umbrella," or "Harvest," or something of that sort?—*Morning Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

Under-
draining

SOME of you need an immense amount of under-draining before you can plant anything and have it grow on the top.—*Morning Sermon, July 3, 1859.*

You have
got to go
Unfixed

MAN thinks he is going to find peace by introspection, but that will bring him no peace. He seems to have no right to go to Christ until he gets something regulated here. Just as if a poor, sick wretch should say, "I will go to the doctor's as soon as I get well; it would be foolish to go before I get well;" or as if a man should say, "I am going to the horologist's as soon as my watch runs well."

The time you need to go to the doctor's is when you are sick, and you want to take your watch to the horologist's before it runs well. Man says, "I must wait till I comply with certain conditions and get fixed right before I go to Christ, and then he will look upon me, and I shall begin to feel peace." You have got to go to Christ unfixed, unregulated, and wrong. — *Evening Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

You have
got to go
Unfixed

I DID not dare to say, in 1856, that I thought union prayer-meetings would tend to bring the different churches together, for fear that if they got the idea that they were being assimilated, this most desirable result would be defeated. We have always wanted union, you know. I never saw the time when I would not have gone for a union of the churches, if all Christians would have become Congregationalists. — *Morning Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

Always
wanted
Union,
you
know

Unions

WE live in an age in which there is a great noise of fear of the destruction of governments and unions. This kind of music has sounded ever since the ark was built.—*Thanksgiving Sermon, November 29, 1859.*

Up and down
love

FOR myself, I know of but one refuge (though to the pure all things are pure), and that is the simple morality of the New Testament—that simple-hearted, robust morality, with an up-and-down love of right, and an up-and-down hatred of wrong.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

The
Upper
story

THE man who trusts in God, lives in the upper story of his head ; while the man who does not trust in God, lives in the lower story of his head. The man who trusts in God, lives in an observatory, where he enjoys the sunlight and the pure atmosphere of heaven ; while the man who does not trust in God, lives down in a dank and dungeon cellar. — *Morning Sermon, April 10, 1859.*

IT is, likewise, to be remembered that no man has a right to prophesy good as a consequence of deception. It is generally believed that we have a right to indulge in some degree of equivocation, to make use of partially deceiving statements, to tell ornamented lies, when we do these things that good may come. It is generally believed that it is benevolent and humane to use deception, where it is done with a belief that good will result therefrom. Now, I remark, no man is a prophet; and if he wants to prophesy, he had better not prophesy up-stream — he had better not prophesy against God's nature. If you will prophesy, prophesy in the direction that God's nature runs.—*Morning Sermon, June 26, 1859.*

Better
not
prophesy
Up-stream

IF any person outside of our party reviles us Republicans, we say, "No matter what he says; he belongs to the other party." If a man outside the church reviles Christianity, or those who profess to be Christians, it is common for those

Us
Republicans

in the church to say, "Why, he's an infidel; he's an unbeliever; we must not mind what he says." — *Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Varnish
religion
Tract
Society

THAT miserable varnish which men stick on the outside, and call it religion; that miserable estimate which they make of religion, that chattering of prayers, that face-religion, that Sunday-keeping religion; all that so-called religion which is but an external covering of pride and selfishness, of worldliness and vanity—the curse and wrath of God abideth upon it. Nowhere else are there such terrific anathemas against such religion as those which fell from the lips of Christ Jesus. It is enough to make a man tremble, to give a man the chills and fever, to walk through those chapters in the Bible where Christ preached to Tract Society men.—*Evening Sermon, June 12, 1859.*

GOD's union with men is not a shadow, is not a figure, is not a dream; it is

the statement of a fact as literal as any law in nature. The union of sunlight with vegetables is not more real.—*Morning Sermon, March 4, 1860.*

Sunlight
with
Vegetables

YOU shall find that they who are free from hardships, from troubles, from the necessity of endeavor, and who never struggled with adversity of any kind, cannot be relied upon for sills and posts. They may do for veneering the inside, where you want something pretty, but they are good for nothing else.—*Morning Sermon, September 25, 1859.*

Men
good for
Veneering

LOVE sits as God's vicegerent in the soul, and I will not fight with my brethren. There is now and then a man who is not susceptible to love, or anything else that is good, and I deem it necessary to exterminate vermin wherever they may be found ; but I will love all my brethren if they will let me.—*Morning Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

Vermin
vs.
brethren

Passions
and
Vermin

WHEN ministers, and elders, and members of the church, instead of loving each other, are seen wrangling, and quarrelling, and railing at one another; when they exhibit natures as full of selfish passions as a sepulchre is of dust and vermin, it is not to be wondered at that scepticism and infidelity are rife among us.—*Morning Sermon, August 7, 1859.*

Virginian
courage
and
foxes' tails

SEVENTEEN men terrified two thousand brave Virginians into two days' submission,—*that* cannot be got over! The common sense of common people will not fail to see through all attempts to hide a natural shame by a bungling make-believe that the danger was really greater than it was! The danger was nothing—and the fear very great, and courage none at all. And nothing can now change the facts! All the newspapers on earth will not make this case appear any better. Do what you please—muster a crowd of supposed confederates, call the roll of conspirators, and include the noblest men of these States, and

exhibit this imaginary army before the people, and, in the end, it will appear that seventeen white men over-awed a town of two thousand brave Virginians, and held them captives until the sun had gone laughing twice around the globe ! And the attempt to hide the fear of these surrounded men by awaking a larger fear, will never do. It is too literal a fulfilment, not exactly of Prophecy but of Fable ; not of Isaiah, but Æsop. A fox having been caught in a trap, escaped with the loss of his tail. He immediately went to his brother foxes to persuade them that they would all look better if they, too, would cut off their caudal appendages. They declined. And our two thousand friends who lost their courage in the presence of seventeen men, are now making an appeal to this nation to lose its courage too ; that the cowardice of the few may be hidden in the cowardice of the whole community ! It is impossible. We choose to wear our courage for some time longer !

Virginian
courage
and
foxes' tails

Power-loom
ought to
Vote

DID you ever see a power-loom? If you never did, do not go to Lowell, or any other place where there is one in operation, without seeing it. I never saw one but what I thought it ought to vote.—*Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

When men
Walk on
a timber

YOU have probably noticed that when men walk across a stream on a timber, if they look at their feet to see where they step, their head begins to swim, and very soon they have to swim or drown; whereas, if they fix their eye upon a single object on the opposite bank, and never look at their feet at all, they reach the other side in safety. Now, if a man stands looking at this world, he gets dizzy and intoxicated, and falls; whereas, if he fixes his eye upon the bank of the eternal world, he walks straighter in this world, and is more sure of reaching the other side in safety.—*Evening Sermon, February 10, 1860.*

THE road to heaven is just as short,
 and may be just as sure, from Wall
 street as from Trinity church, that stands From
Wall Street
to
heaven
 at the head of it, holding up the cross in
 ever-living light.—*Morning Sermon, March*
11, 1860.

WHEN I speak of being clothed with
 the righteousness of Christ, I Wardrobe
of
righteous-
ness
 banish all ideas of going to some wardrobe
 and taking out a literal garment and throw-
 ing it upon me, and especially do I run
 back to its dusty hole of mischief from
 which it has been dug out, that notion of
 the imputation of another's righteousness,
 as though you could put on another man's
 righteousness as if it was a physical thing.
 —*Evening Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

“MARY Magdalen came and told I'll
Warrant
you
 the disciples that she had seen
 the Lord, and that he had spoken these
 things unto her.” But I'll warrant you she

did not tell them how she felt. There were no words by which she could have done that.—*Wednesday Evening Lecture, February 1, 1860.*

Saints
before they
had
Washed
a year

WHEN I find persons with nothing to do in life, persons who are educated, of great resources, of great imagination, of great affection, great thinking powers, very active, but nothing to do ; too rich to be obliged to work, and placed in a high position in society — (there is nothing worse)—staying at home, reading a great deal, thinking a great deal, rolling and rolling over feelings a great deal — when such persons come to me, my first thought is, God help them ! If the Lord in his good providence would only send some dispensation to take away their property, so they would be forced to work, so they would have to go out to work as the servant girls do, go out and wash for a living, most of them would be very happy saints before they had washed a year.—*Evening Sermon, May 29, 1859.*

IF a man is your enemy, and is in trouble, you are to help him. If he is a stranger, and his trouble is brought within your knowledge, help him. If he is a foreigner, and you are a native, and he is in trouble, help him. Even if he is a black man, and you are a white man, and he is in trouble—trouble washes all skins alike—help him!—*Morning Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

Trouble
Washes
all skins
alike

ITELL you it takes very poor material to make a modern conscience. A man goes to Washington, for instance, simple, pure, honest and right-meaning : he dwells there a year or two, and comes back home a drinking, corrupted, bribed man, lost to all industry, to all self-respect—given over to himself to get a living by respectable meannesses.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Washington
and
respectable
meannesses

YOU cannot imagine what a waste-basket the future is. How things will accumulate on your table and along

The
eternal
Waste-
basket

your way, if you have no heaven to throw them into ! but the moment a man has the vast sweep of the eternal world for his depository, how will his troubles be alleviated or destroyed by his looking at every part of his life as relative to that !—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

A Watch
to steer
a ship
by

A GREAT many men are addicted to much lugubrious soliloquizing and complaining about this unsatisfying world ; but whether it is satisfying or not depends upon what men try to satisfy themselves with. If a man were to take a watch and try to use it as a compass, to steer a ship by, he would say : How unsatisfying this watch is !—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

Water-
logged
saints

IT is a man dying with his harness on that angels love to take. I hope those old water-logged saints that died soaking in damp stone cells were taken to heaven. They had hell enough on earth, and it would be a pity for them to have

a continuation of it in the other world ; but I think they were the poorest of all human commodities ever taken in !—*Morning Sermon, March 11, 1860.*

DO you ask, "Why is it that while some men seem to be caught up almost into the regions of heavenly bliss, I am unmoved?" It is because you are water-logged, sir ! Drop by drop, your being has become saturated to such a degree with the waters of worldliness, that you are but just sustained, while they, buoyant, are carried on so easily ?—*Evening Sermon, January 22, 1860.*

You are
Water-
logged,
sir !

THESE smooth, waxy characters, that seem to come up without any positiveness of being, who seem to sail through life as feathers sail down through the air, soft, smooth, and carefully, there is nothing to get hold of in them ; they slip through our affections, and we don't grasp them with power. There must be some saliency, even if it be rugged and wrong. There is

There
smooth,
Waxy
characters

an element in this love that rouses up the heart to those round about it ; so that I think we love our worst children sometimes the most.—*Evening Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

God
Went
into life

HE was declared to be a gluttonous man and a drunkard. God in Christ was slandered as a glutton and a drunkard ; and for no other reason than that he refused to be an ascetic, and went into life, and participated in the innocent festivities of the social board.—*Evening Sermon, November 2, 1859.*

Form,
color and
What not

THE ways of looking at nature are scientific—that is, we look at it merely in the order of cause and effect ; or they are commercial—that is, we look at it in its productive qualities, and its relations to human wants, and with reference to what we can make out of it, and what it can avail us ; or, they are artistic—that is, we look at it in its relations to the sense of symmetry and beauty in us, in respect to

form, and color, and what not.—*Morning Sermon, July 10, 1859.*

IN old times, when men were persecuted for their religion, they had nothing to do but to read the Bible, and pray, and be burned, and what not.—*Morning Sermon, September 18, 1859.*

Pray and
be burned,
and
What not

THE preaching of many men is like children creeping in the sand. Their sermons contain pretty things, perhaps, sweet sentences, but they make no impression upon the hearer. There are fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, and the order of the church has been that there shall be two sermons preached each Sabbath—one in the morning, and one in the afternoon—no matter whether a man wants to preach them or not. Many men preach twice each Sunday for this reason, and no other. If asked, "What do you preach for?" they say, "Because I must." "Why must you?" "Because I am expected to." They do not preach because they have anything to say;

What under
the sun
did he
preach
about?

What under
the sun
did he
preach
about?

not because there are prevailing errors to be overthrown ; not because there are bud-
dings of desire to be expanded into blos-
soms ; not because of any sympathy they
feel for the erring and the lost ; not because
they feel, "Woe is me if I preach not the
Gospel ;" but they preach because it is
Sunday, and they have got to. When Sun-
day comes round, such a preacher says to
himself, "What under the sun shall I preach
about?" and the people, after they have
heard him, say, "What under the sun did
he preach about?" — *Morning Sermon,*
January 30, 1859.

God
does not
whip men
through
their coat
and vest

A FATHER, when he whips his boy,
does not like to whip him through
his clothes, because the boy may cry, and
make a great ado, and yet not be hurt at
all. But if the father whips him on his
bare skin, he knows that he is punishing
him. God does not whip men through
their coat and vest. — *Morning Sermon,*
February 29, 1860.

HOW many times, as you go up and down Broadway with me, can you stop me when you see a man of whom you can say, "This man, I think, is without sin, measured by this law of benevolence?"

Walk me
and
Whisk
me and
set me
down

You would walk me down to Union Square and Canal street, and I should not stop there; then down to Fulton street, and I should get no breathing spell; thence down to Wall street, and you would fairly run by that time from there to the Battery, and then up on the other side, and you would whisk me through street after street and set me down at Union Square again without having given me one single second to stop and say, "There is a man without sin!"—*Evening Sermon, May 22, 1859.*

THE private rights of a public man should be guarded as sacredly as the altar of a temple. If the President of the United States pursues an inhuman course towards the Indian; if he transgress the canons of liberty which he is sworn to defend; if he wink at evils which he is bound

Whether
the
President
drinks
Whiskey

Whether
the
President
drinks
Whiskey

to prevent or suppress, he deserves severe public rebuke. But in his own private home, whether he manages his individual affairs with economy or stinginess, whether he drinks whiskey at his table, or nothing but cold water, whether he dresses well or ill, talks much or little, spends his income in one way or another—these and all such-like things do not belong to him as President, but as a private man, and are sacred from remark. For good morals every man may be held responsible. There ought to be but one key to a man's privacy, and that is in his own hands ; but the devil has given everybody a key to it, and everybody goes in and out and filches whatever he pleases.—*Morning Sermon, October 16, 1859.*

Black and
White

BECAUSE a man happens to be black, I do not think he has more rights than a white man.—*Morning Sermon, July 16, 1859.*

THERE are men that seem to think they would suffer willingly if they were called to suffer as martyrs, illustriously. Ah ! that is just the thing. You would be willing to be placed where you would not have to suffer, and where you would yet get the credit of suffering. But it is pinching suffering that God calls you to endure. He knows where your weakness requires that you should suffer, and there he makes you suffer. Like a driver, he puts the stroke of the lash in those very places where he knows it will make you wince.—*Morning Sermon, February 19, 1860.*

Where it
will make
you
Wince

I have seen **the** heaviest establishments with the simplest sign over the door, while a petty huckster filled his windows with about every article in the shop ; and I have seen persons so violently indignant at missteps in others, that I suspected that all the virtue they had was at the window !—*Evening Sermon, February 12, 1860.*

All their
virtue
at the
Window

Wipe
their
mouths,
say long
prayers,
etc.

IF the cause of God requires the existence of an institution, and the institution requires a little unfair dealing to navigate it safely among the breakers, you will find that men will undertake it, and will do things which, if done in their every-day conduct, would stamp them with utter detestation among their fellow-men. Yet such men wipe their mouths, say long prayers, sleep with a good conscience, and get up in the expectation of being received into the kingdom of God the Father. I hope they will be, but they will get through as by fire.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

So easy.

Paints
to Wipe
out

THE things God does are so easy that he is willing to do them once a day the year round, winter or summer. All these frescoings of the sky in the morning and the evening, before which the greatest masters might sit down in despair, God seems to paint with his left hand, only that he may wipe them out and renew them day after day.—*Evening Sermon, December 25, 1859.*

WHEN the child grows, it grows first on its animal nature ; next in its social and affectional nature ; next in its perceptive intellectual powers ; later in its reflective intellectual powers ; and latest and last in its moral nature. That part nearest the ground, which is the animal, grows first ; that part just above the ground, in which the affections reside, grows next ; that part which opens the understanding, grows next ; and that part which assimilates the child to spiritual beings, grows last. There is some comfort in this, when you see how like little witches your children act sometimes. You think they are certainly bound for the jail or the gallows, until there comes to be an equilibration between the moral feelings and the lower propensities. — *Morning Sermon, April 24, 1859.*

How like
little Witches
they act

NOBODY will tell you these things. Even your pastor won't. I would rather any time go into the battle-field, unskilled as I am in soldiery ; I would rather

Even
your
pastor
Won't

cut off a man's leg, little as I know about surgery, and then take care of him, than to tell a person his faults. I think to charge one of the batteries of Sevastopol was no more than it is to charge right up against a man's heart.—*Morning Sermon, March 27, 1859.*

Agitations
plowings
of the
World-farm

I REGARD all the agitations of our day as being so many plowings which are necessary as a preparation for the harvests that are to wave on the world-farm —
Thanksgiving Sermon, November 24, 1860.

The
Vermicular
human
race

DID you ever persuade yourself, of a hot afternoon, to stop and witness the contest of innumerable worms over a carrion carcass? Did you ever notice the greediness, and selfishness, and quarrelsomeness displayed by the actors in a scene like that? And yet such a contest is decent compared with the gigantic contest that has been carried on for thousands of years by the vermicular human race.—
Morning Sermon, October 9, 1859.

THIS Christian love, then, is to be the disposition. It is not to be the sweetmeat and confection ; it is to be the bread. It is not to be a disposition which, once in a great while, going to the cabinet where it is kept, you shall take out of the casket, allowing it to shine and emit all its precious rays. It is to be a disposition that is to be worn as your eyes are worn. —*Morning Sermon, February 5, 1860.*

Worn
as your
eyes
are worn

NOW, when you wish to please God, treat him as one who feels sorry for sinners ; treat him as one who longs to help those that need help ; go to him confidently. No matter how bad you are—the worse the better. Old Martin Luther said, “I bless God for my sins.” He would never have had such a sense of the pardoning mercy of God, if he had not himself been sinful.—*Morning Sermon, October 23, 1859.*

The
Worse
the
better

I THINK, to put on the very climax and top of abomination before God, it seems as though there was a certain ele-

Wrap a
text
round
a sin

ment of piety needed to make it particularly devilish. Many men cover up these things under smooth, round words; they wrap a text around a sin, and so do utter abominations before God under the mild phase of sanctity.—*Evening Sermon, May 15, 1859.*

Written
down
an ass

THERE is a car on that line, bearing the inscription—not so much to advertise the degradation of the blacks as the inhumanity of the whites—"Colored people may ride in this." I laugh when I see that. I think to myself, "The men who run these cars are after the pattern of one of Shakspeare's characters, who cried out, 'Oh, that I were written down an ass!' They are written down an ass!"—*Morning Sermon, July 17, 1859.*

Zero

WE are at zero when we are born, and we rise up in the tube of life little by little.—*Evening Sermon, October 9, 1859.*



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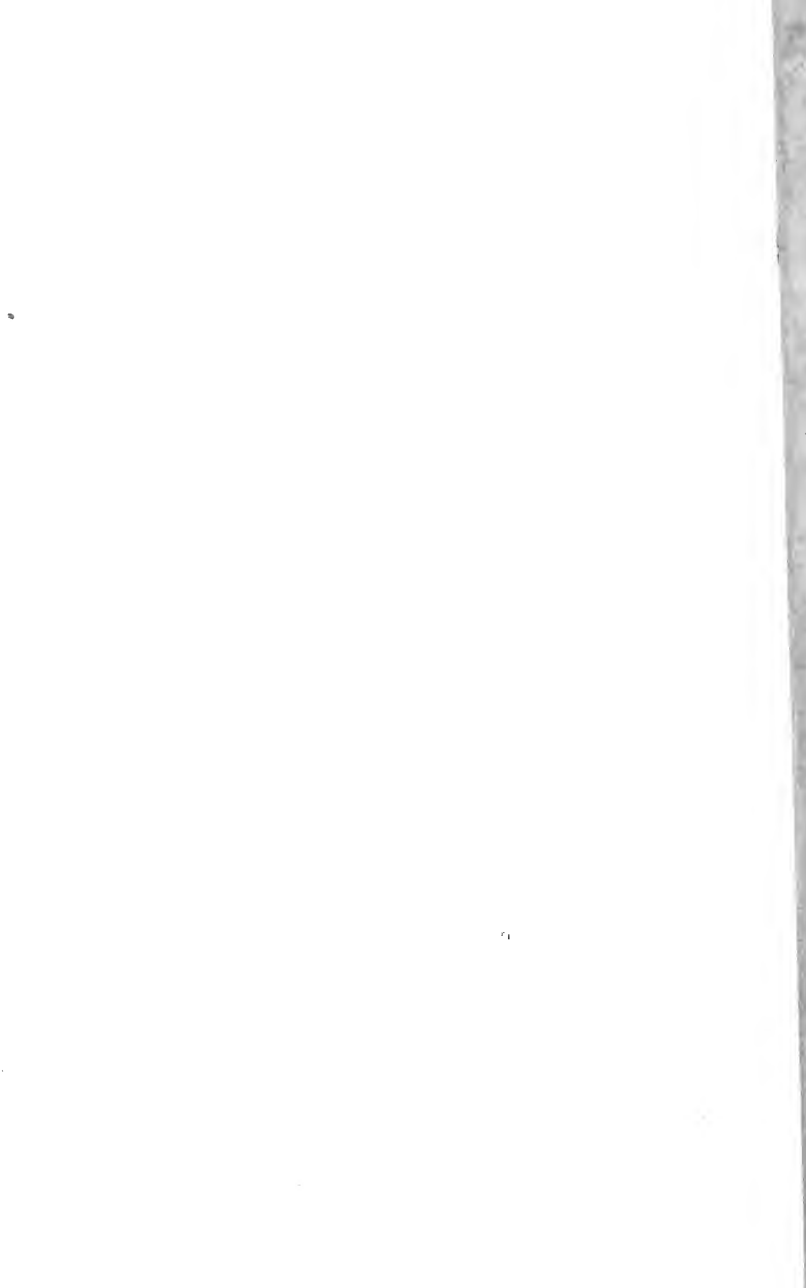
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